The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1613 DEC. 20, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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6,000 feet alt.
Leading Hotels with own Private Ice Rinks:
THE KULM HOTELS
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THE SUVRETTA
THE PALACE
THE CARLTON

The Spirit of Giving is the Joy of Christmas.
The SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
have acquired Esher Place, Esher, as a home for 180 girls, and make an urgent appeal for £5,000, which is needed to complete the purchase and adapt the house for its new use. YOU MOTHERS AND FATHERS, with children of your own, if only you could see some of the homes in which children live you would be amazed that such things could exist to-day.
Please send a gift and make your own Christmas-time happier in the knowledge of having helped others.
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Extra Dry for England
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150 Rooms and Baths + Facing full South + Magnificent flowered Park + Splendid Situation
THE SIX FAMOUS TENNIS COURTS FACE THE HOTEL
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The Brandy with a Pedigree

For sustained prolonged power
EVER READY
HIGH TENSION WIRELESS BATTERIES

EAT
BERMALINE BREAD
AND SMILE!
BAKED BY GOOD BAKERS
MONTGOMERIE & CO., LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW

PASS THE WINTER AT
HOTEL des ETRANGERS
MONTE CARLO
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The Smoker of Refined Taste smokes
Spinet-Oval
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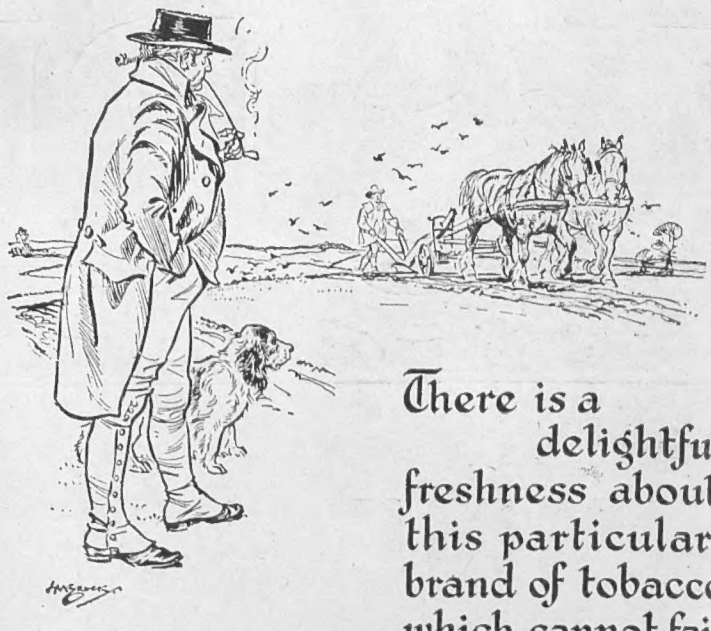
Lightly QUILTED WRAPPER in Artificial Crepe de Chine. in Cerise, Salmon, Maize, Blue, Rose, Mauve, Pink and Black. **39/11**

INNUMERABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE APPROPRIATE GIFT, POSSESSING THAT SUBTLE CHARM WHICH IS SURE TO PLEASE, ABOUND IN ENDLESS VARIETY IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

(Our Xmas Catalogue sent on application)



There is a delightful freshness about this particular brand of tobacco which cannot fail to satisfy the most particular smoker.

1/0½D per oz. and 2oz pocket tins at 2/1D

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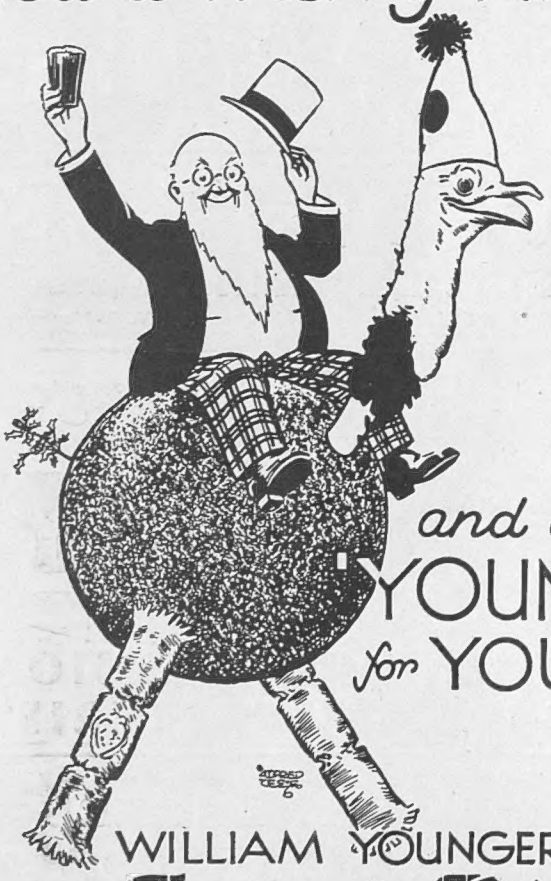
Father William wishes you a Merry X'mas —



and a 'YOUNGER' *for* YOU

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S

Scotch Ale

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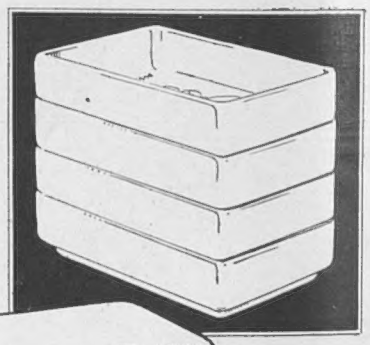
Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough & Belfast.

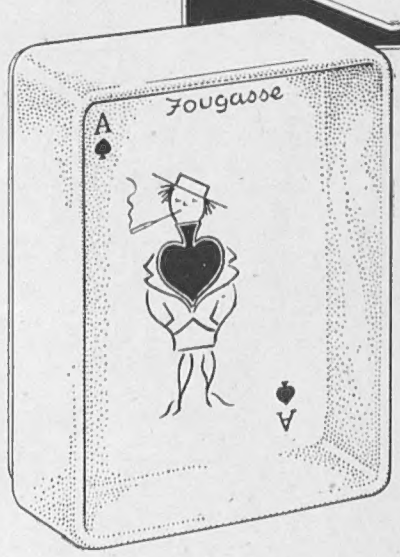
OGDEN'S

ACES AND FACES

By "FOUGASSE"

A Set of Porcelain Ash Trays for the Bridge Table, on which the Ace of every suit is animated with delightful and ingenious humour.





The Perfect Christmas Gift for Bridge Players

Price **12/6** for the nest of four trays.

(By inland registered post 9d. extra.)

This is only one of the many Novelties for Christmas to be obtained exclusively at

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

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FOLLOW THE SUN

IN ONE OF THE BEST SHELTERED SPOTS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST,
AMIDST FLOWERS AND PALMS, STANDS

MUNICIPAL CASINO
(Open the whole year round).

SAN REMO

WHERE SUNSHINE NEVER FAILS

MUNICIPAL CASINO

The only Casino in Italy where Gambling is permitted by the Government

Roulette *Trente et Quarante* *Baccara* *"Tout Va'*

A New Golf Course (18 holes) will be inaugurated in February, 1931

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General View.

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VILLA IGIEA GRAND HOTEL

On the Sea Large Park Full South

Ideal Winter and Spring Resort

Rendezvous of the best Cosmopolitan Society

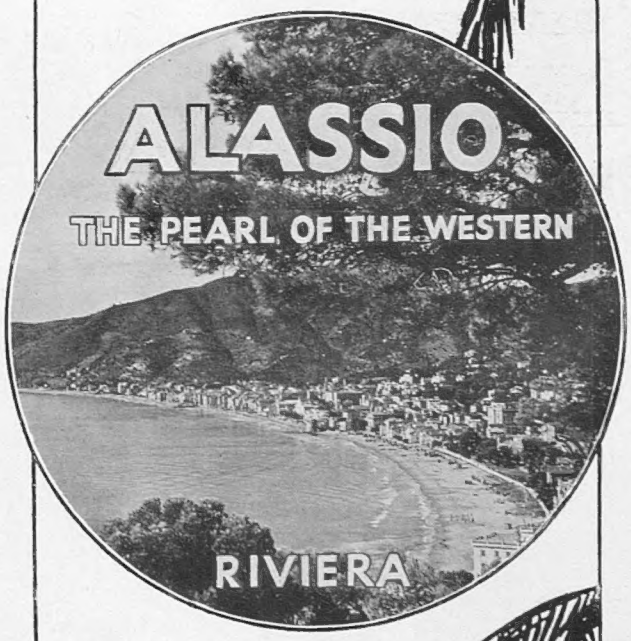
GOLF LINKS—TENNIS COURTS

GRAND HOTEL & DES PALMES

Renowned for its comfort and restaurant

EXCELSIOR HOTEL

Family House



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SAN DOMENICO PALACE

Unique in the World

Overlooking the Sea and Etna

Ex-convent of the Dominican Friars of the 14th Century

(ANNEXE)

GRAND HOTEL

The most luxurious and refined comfort

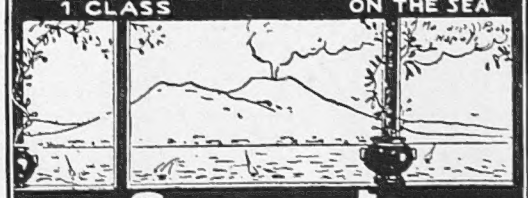
There is everything you can want awaiting you in Italy. It is the land of Sunshine and Romance.

Whether you would dwell in all the luxury of modern civilisation, or browse amongst the ruins and ancient splendours of Rome; whether you would visit beautiful Naples too, with its Museums and Picture Galleries, and the glorious view of the hills, Vesuvius crowned, and its world-famed Bay—whichever you want, the sun-ktssed glories of Italy can give it. In the Municipal Casino of San Remo, the only Casino where the Government sanctions gambling, there is plenty of excitement in Roulette, "Tout Va," Trente et Quarante, or Baccara—and then, after a little play, it is pleasant to dream under the palms on the most sheltered spot of the Mediterranean coast and watch the moon gliding in silver splendour over the waters.

Alassio must be explored as well —that resort which has justly achieved the proud designation of "the most beautiful corner of the Western Riviera."

The beauties of Sicily — the orange blossoms of Palermo— the peace of Taormina . . . . . Sicily and Italy, where blue lakes are set like gems in scenery of indescribable beauty and white-capped mountains are sharply silhouetted against clear skies. Visit Italy by moonlight or by sunlight and you will learn the secret of her imperishable enchantment.

Naples
Gd. Hôtel Vésuve
1 CLASS ON THE SEA



Sorrento
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For
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555 VIRGINIA

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CIGARETTES

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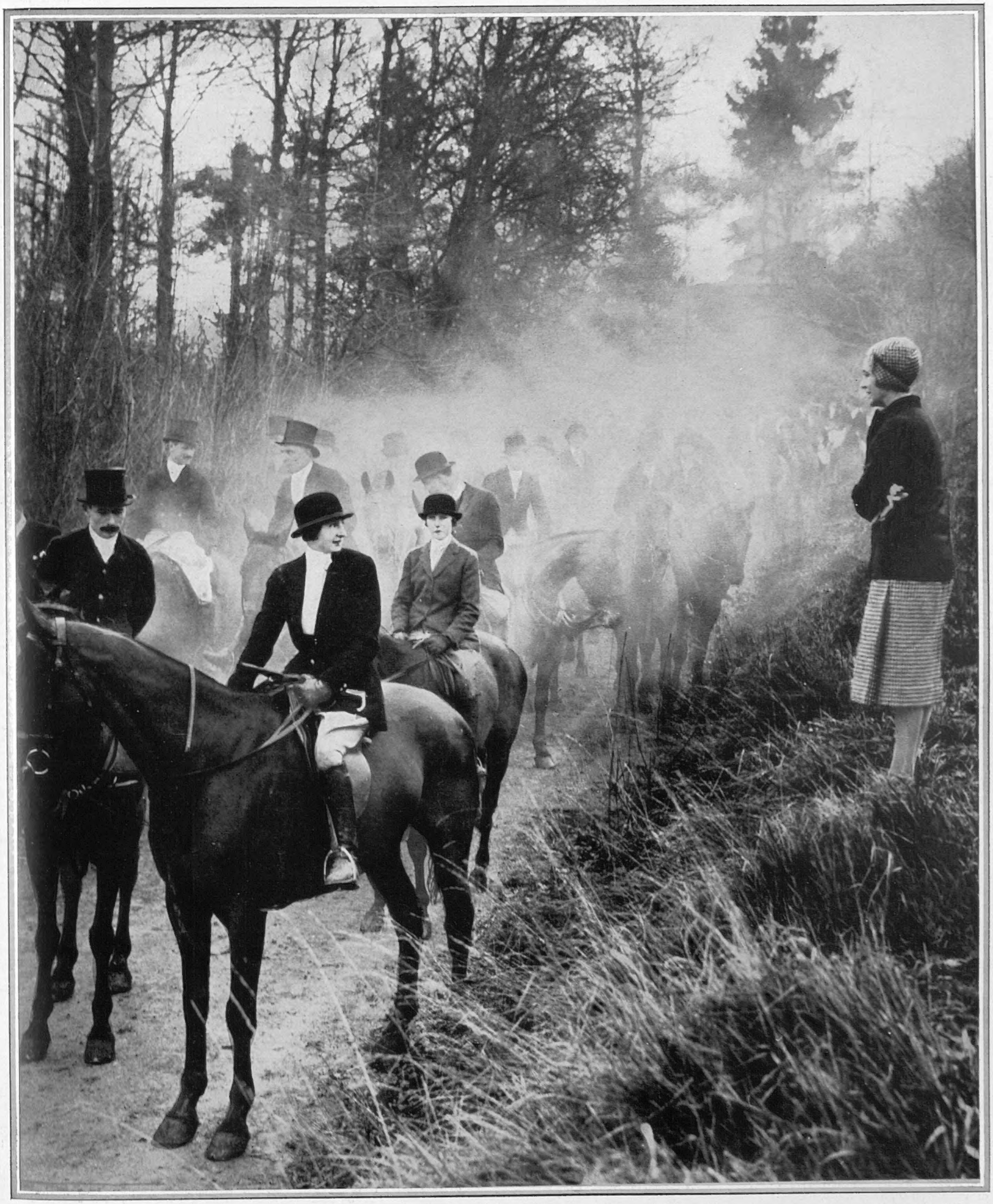
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

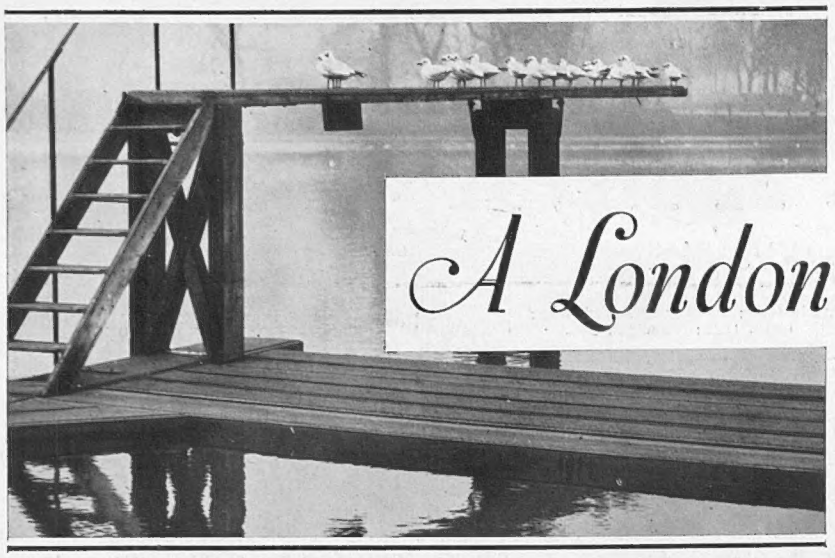
Volume CXXIII. No. 1613 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.: Foreign, 2½d. } London, December 20, 1930



The HEAT of the CHASE.

An After-the-ball Impression of The HEYTHROP

Seldom has so vivid a photographic record been obtained of steaming horses after a long run as that reproduced above. So realistic is it that one's nostrils are almost assailed with the unforgettable, unmistakable, and indescribable equine tang. Going has been heavy of late, after the thaw, all over the country. The picture shows the gathering of the Heythrop at Adlestrop House, Stow-in-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, the occasion being the after-the-ball meet. There can be little fear of the much discussed decadence of England when after dancing until the small hours men and women can face with pleasure a long day in the saddle.



SOLE WINTER DENIZENS OF THE "LIDO": A school of gulls, driven inland by the inclement winter weather, perch on the diving board which, in summer, bears as many humans on its surface as it does birds in December

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 17, 1930.

Some Startling Discoveries.—Every year, as regular as clockwork, we announce certain startling discoveries. We say at the end of April that this year the winter has really lingered on abnormally. On November 1 we say that never in our recollection has the country been so blind. There is hardly a leaf off the trees. And regularly on or about the shortest day we declare that "literally we haven't seen the sun or a bit of blue sky for three weeks." And to prove my case, I here and now declare that this invariable season of dark days, fog, mist, and cloud has this year been abnormally severe. In November the rainfall was double the average; in December the bouts of dense fog were long and severe. The east winds come the other side of Christmas, and when they are with us we sigh for the clammy but temperate dampness of December, but just now we sigh for a bright frost and a touch of colour. I don't wish to depress you in the season's darkest hour, but I would not hasten by an hour the arrival of winter proper.

Hard Times Ahead.—For, apart from the weather, I greatly fear it. It will bring distress all round. It will bring abnormal distress among a class that perhaps suffers most poignantly from bad trade. I mean that hard-working regiment of shop-assistants and typists which must maintain a definite class-standard of living. The absence of business in the City, among brokers, merchants, and the rest, is too patent to need a reference. But the shopkeepers have suffered also. Christmas trade is not good. Luxury trade has languished. One hears on all sides rumours of grave crises. As for the dressmakers and "amateur" hat shops, the shop girls are not "wangling" Christmas leave. On the contrary they are being informed that a fortnight's holiday after Christmas will be obligatory and must be taken at their own expense. Such establishments, of course, always expect a period of complete idleness until the second week in January and usually find that their "amateur" assistants, who can afford to take a long holiday, automatically solve the problem of redundant staff. But this year the professionals will suffer also. It is but a straw in the wind. For indeed, look where you will, the outlook for the next four months, the immediate outlook, is far from cheerful.

The Merry Men.—If I were Mr. MacDonald I should almost be inclined to send Mr. George a Christmas box labelled P.R. or A.V., and invite him to do his worst. For I should be haunted by that picture of Napoleon in hell. But power is no doubt very intoxicating, an alcohol which deadens sensibility, and so I sincerely wish him and his talented *confrères* a very Happy Christmas. Upon my word, I don't blame them for their failure, for any instances that may exist of inexperience, ineptitude, incompetence. They are mediocre, God knows, but supermen must have failed in such circumstances as these of 1930, though in a less degree. I blame them for nothing but the blazing folly of their initial confidence, the exuberant promises of the General Election. Was it the trickery of traders among savages, or the blindness of headstrong, ambitious men who will not turn to read the writing on the wall? They have dug their own graves and will be buried with their reputations. They forgot to assume the shield of public life, humility and moderation. And now they have handed over the Dole Fund with its eighty-million overdraft to a Royal Commission.

Burking Discussion. — Sir John Davidson is not in any sense the dinner-bell or the curfew of the House. He is quite a lively speaker, and had for his subject on Wednesday last the somewhat vital and topical theme of national economy. Of all those hundreds of State-salaried and elected members only thirty could be found to listen to Sir John's suggestion (which has been long since *our* suggestion) that the first gesture towards national economy should be to cut down the Cabinet and to reduce official salaries. Only thirty members were found to listen with a sheepish grin to Sir John's indictment of the party system, with its "electioneering" conscience, and of all the havoc which it has wrought in its decadence and rottenness. It is my firm belief that during the coming winter, or not later than the revelations of our financial position in reference to the Budget of 1931, the scales will fall from the eyes of the easy-going remnant, and the whole nation will at last appreciate the degradation of the system and insist on reformation or abolition.

Sunday Observance. — Just one postcript to the question of opening cinemas and theatres on Sundays. No doubt there are a dozen old Statutes still alive which are antiquated and absurd. Is the S.O. Act of 1781 of the number? Public echo answers yes! loudly. Certainly it were antiquated and absurd to-day to seek to ensure by law a religious observance of Sunday. But are we to-day as a mass so enlightened, so sane, so prudent, that the notion of paternal Government in any form, or any official interference with our manner of life (provided it is conducted within the law), is justly condemned? I believe myself that on a referendum, there would be a majority against Sunday theatres and cinemas. I believe that at heart the nation remains superstitious, if not religious. The puritan element is still immensely strong. At the lowest estimate, I believe the public has an instinctive realization that a change and a restraint enforced are two vitally necessary conditions for each seventh day. All the week the vast bulk of the workers stand in queues, or crowds, breathe stuffy air and live in noise intolerable, their nerves ever stretched. Sunday cinemas are nothing but a weekly review of last week's work and working conditions. Under modern conditions in big cities, anything tending to prevent or curtail the only occasion in the week for escape from crowds, noise, and bad air, the only occasion for self-communion and freedom, for individual thought and decision, must in my opinion be bad. But heaven knows how many noble institutions depend vitally for financial assistance on Sunday cinemas.

Only a Week. — Only a week to Christmas. That will be the hideous discovery on the day you open this number of THE SPHERE. And, like 90 per cent. of mankind and 40 per cent. of womankind, you have left the task of buying your Christmas presents till now. An intolerable survival of barbarism this giving of presents, say the curmudgeons. And it is unfortunately true that 90 per cent. of the labour and hard thought is wasted, 90 per cent. of the merchandize is mere useless junk to clutter up rooms already hopelessly congested. Late in life I have discovered the labour and vanity of possessions, and in the past five years I have got rid of every personal article of adornment, every personal curio or piece of bric-à-brac which possessed any value. Except for my guns, I can honestly say that I personally use or individually own not a single object which a thief would stoop to. I have two pearl studs (by Woolworth); no tie-pins, buttons, solitaires, cuff-links, silver junk, or ornamental oddities of any description which can be strictly termed mine exclusively. And it cannot be too widely known that I do not want them. Neither do I welcome Christmas cards, calendars, patent pencils, patent lighters, ash trays, or garden ornaments in painted wood and grotesquely carved stone. I am a bear of all things patent, all things ornamental, all trifles and conceits. In short, I am an old bear.

A Utilitarian Exchange.—I could quite believe that, given another black year of trade depression, the whole conception of the Christmas-present convention might suddenly and at last be transformed and Christmas become the occasion of a utilitarian exchange of necessities. Christmas shopping would then be simply a matter of "taking in each other's Whitakers." Or more stringent still, schoolboy sons and nephews would receive a pair of stout walking boots and three pairs of woollen socks. Aunt Georgiana would get a leg of mutton and Cousin Sophie a pound of sausages, while Uncle Midas might keep the spirit of Christmas alive by sending round the petrol-delivery tank. Perhaps this is a pessimistic view. It derives from my impressions of Oxford Street these last weeks. The streets have been more than ever congested. The shows in the shop windows have been so wonderful as to engage the attentions of the police. But on the few occasions when I have walked inside a great store I have felt like the first arrival at a badly-advertised, over-staffed charity bazaar. The young ladies came upon me like bees, hungry bees. But let us end on another note. The world is not so loving and neighbourly that we can afford to dispense with our one official holiday from self. On with the dance, on with the calendars and the ash-trays.

B.B.C. Directors.—What are the qualities—other than patience—which are required of B.B.C. directors, and what is the procedure whereby a particular candidate puts his name forward? The B.B.C. must in a year's time renew the blood of its board, and the candidates' list is already large and apparently public property. It includes Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, George Grossmith, C. B. Cochran, J. C. Squire, Evelyn Wrench, Gerald Barry, Reginald Berkeley, and Harold Nicholson. Let us take away the number we first thought of and choose any four of these. For justice sake let us have Evelyn Wrench. He deserves well of his country. He is still quite young, but about two centuries ago he "invented" the picture post-card. That was in the Dark Ages when *The Daily Mail* was only a cloud like a superman's hand, and a picture-postcard was all our gramophones and cinemas and radios and other coloured delights. And George Grossmith we must and will have. He will ensure to us old stagers the ever-green memory of old Gaiety nights. Mrs. Lyttelton will be a sound and safe choice to represent the dominant sex. And—it would be invidious to proceed to fill the last place.

London's Motor Patrols.—If we are correctly informed that London's final scheme for its force of police motor-patrols is complete, and has been sanctioned and will be in operation on January 1, equipped cap-à-pie, that is excellent news, the most cheery item in connection with transport that I have heard for years. The special force will number 500, and having about 4,000 miles of roads to patrol in the four sub-divided areas, will doubtless concentrate on special sections in each such area, and rigorously drive home at long last the lesson of what is officially considered decent driving and safe driving. If these men are highly trained and carefully chosen, and work with energy, they will in a few weeks see the ripples of the stone they throw in the pool of London breaking on the shores of Britain at Land's End, at John o' Groats, at Brancaster, and at Holyhead. For all roads lead to London, and from it.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL TAKES TO GLASSES: A moment recorded by the camera during the highly controversial speech on India made by the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer last week. This utterance stated in no uncertain terms the terms of the "contract" obtaining between the Mother Country and the "fairest jewel in her crown." Mr. Churchill employed no conciliatory phrases, despite the fact that the Round Table Conference is in session. The speech has, therefore, aroused considerable controversy. In one section of the daily Press it is greeted with acclaim as a symptom of "Firmness at last" while in the organ of another party it is stigmatised as "A Wicked Speech!"

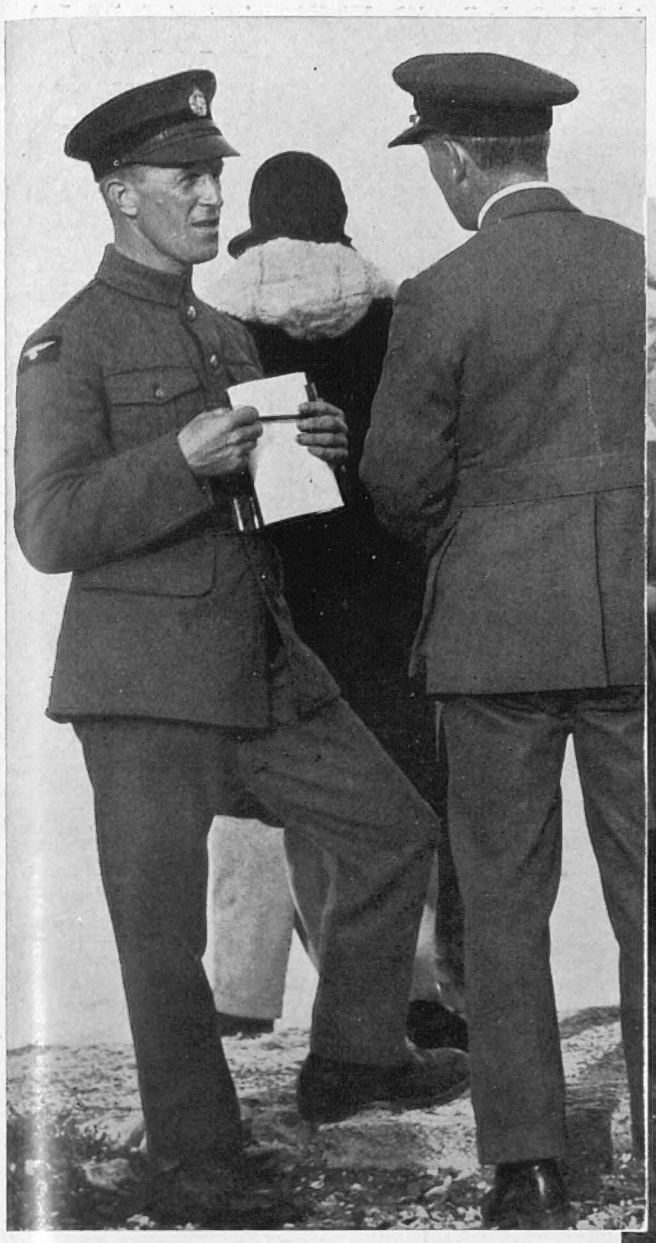
The Editor of "The Sphere" desires to correct an impression which might have been gleaned from the article on the Round Table Conference which appeared in last week's issue. It was stated that the author had attended every session of the Conference. As the sessions are held *in camera*, the phrase is a misnomer. Mr. Southcott always "watches" every sitting of the Conference for a great news agency, although he is not actually in the room when the speeches are being made.

The Fatigue of Shooting.—The other evening after a covert-shoot which had involved very little walking—perhaps a mile and a half in all from one stand in a great belt of woodland to another—one or two of the guns admitted to feeling very tired and we all expressed surprise when one of our number assured us that we had worked hard enough in all conscience to make ourselves tired. Challenged, he retired with a pencil and sheet of paper and returned with a mass of figures which proved that during an average day's covert-shooting when seven guns secure a bag of 350 pheasants, each gun has lifted the equivalent of two tons from his waist to his shoulder, by the mere action of raising his loaded guns to fire and exchanging them with his loader. His figures seemed as convincing as figures ever seem to me, and I was able to appreciate that in a less formal shoot, using one gun and carrying it and a small bag full of cartridges, and taking one's turn walking with the beaters, one might well have more than two tons of excuse for feeling tired. Certainly if I shifted two tons of bricks from a lorry to a dump, I should feel proud of my achievement. It is pleasant to learn what a lot of manly exertion is called forth in "knocking over tame fowls with a scatter gun."

THE OLD STAGER.

NEWS *of the* WEEK

A Quintette of Interesting Events



LAWRENCE OF ARABIA *alias* Air-craftsman Shaw, against whom there has been a Soviet charge of anti-Bolshevik conspiracy. An official statement was made of his recent movement to India and his return to this country

THE ANSWER—TO A GOALIE'S PRAYER! A half-time vignette at a lacrosse match

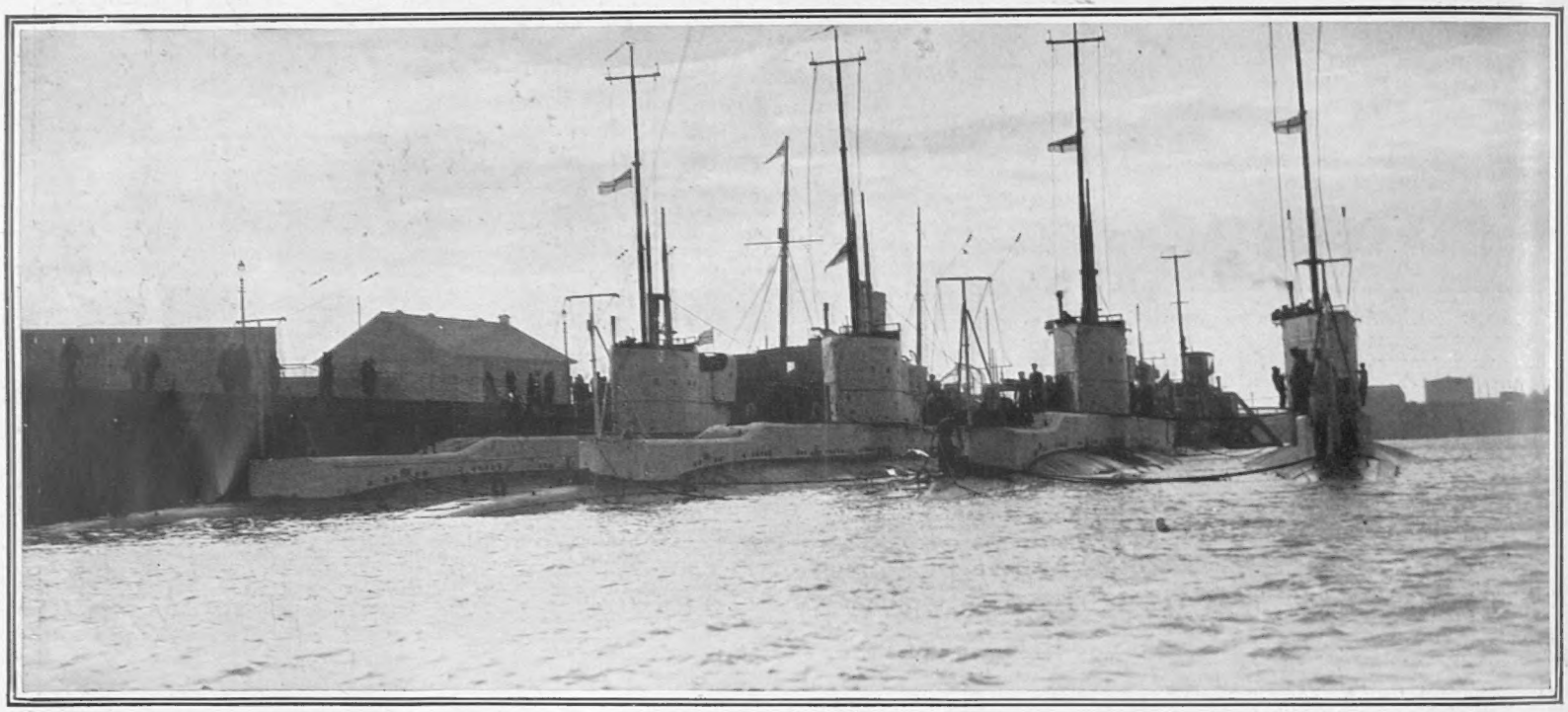
A BETROTHAL OF NOTE: Miss Von Versen, the eldest daughter of the Baroness Von Versen, with her fiancé, Mr. Stephen de Laszlo, second son of Mr. Philip de Laszlo, the famous artist, caught by the camera in the park

IDOL AND DEVOTEE: Mrs. Peters, of Canning Town, regards a picture of the Prince of Wales shown her by Miss Brierley, O.B.E. This old lady of 77 has met more royalties than any other resident in the district. At his recent visit to the Dockland Settlement H.R.H. expressed a desire to meet her

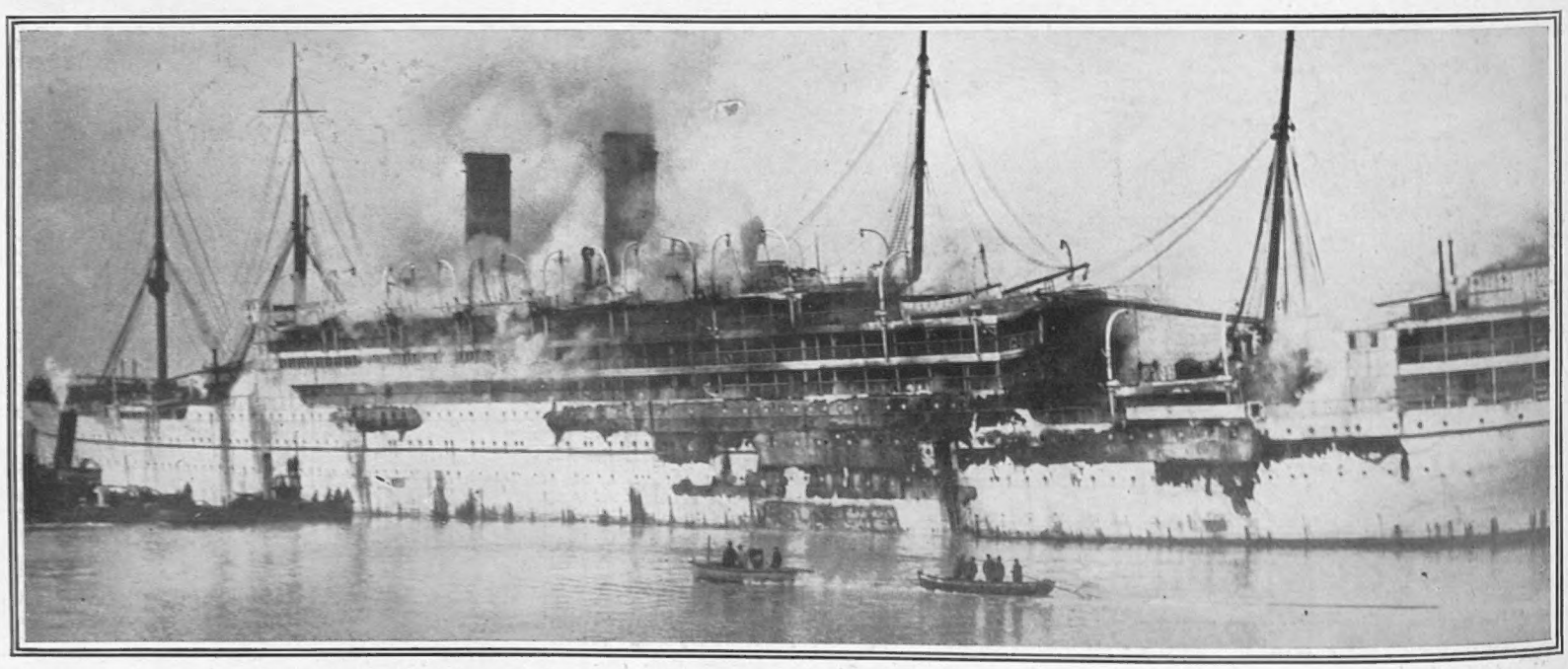
SOUTHWARD HO! Sir Henry Wood, the distinguished maestro, on board the Union Castle liner *Carnarvon Castle*, which is taking him to conduct three concerts for the Cape Town Municipal Orchestra

The RAISING of the German Ship "VON DER TANN"

RAISED FROM THE DEEP: The German battleship, *Von Der Tann*, brought once again to the surface more than a decade after she, in company with other vessels of the Imperial Fleet, was so treacherously scuttled at Scapa Flow. The great 40 ft. air-locks on the bottom of the ship could barely be seen when she lay on the sea-bed so deep was the water in which she was sunk



HEADING FOR CHINA: Four of our largest submarines, H.M.S. *Perseus*, *Pandora*, *Poseidon*, and *Proteus*, left Portsmouth the other day for the China Station where they will form a new flotilla in place of the vessels of the "I" class which were withdrawn from the Fourth Flotilla some time ago. The four submarines are seen just before the start Eastward from Gosport



£68,000 GOES UP IN SMOKE: The Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Scotland*, taken over from the Hamburg-Amerika line (when she was known as the *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria* of 25,000 tons) after the War and used for the repatriation of American soldiers, ran for some months as a Cunarder, and was transferred to her last owners in 1921. Since then her value deteriorated from £475,000 to £47,500. She was bought for £68,000 by the Hughes-Bolckow Shipbreaking Co., and taken to Blyth, Northumberland, where she caught fire, fortunately with only eight men aboard, all of whom escaped. The Newcastle Fire Brigades worked manfully, but the ship was gutted. As we go to press we are assured from Blyth that there is practically no further danger from fire, the firemen have left, and shipbreaking work has already begun

The DISTANT PLACES *of the* EARTH

AFTERMATH OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE: Victims of the convulsion on the Izu Peninsula, in which 251 people were killed, housed in temporary shelters hastily erected after the disaster

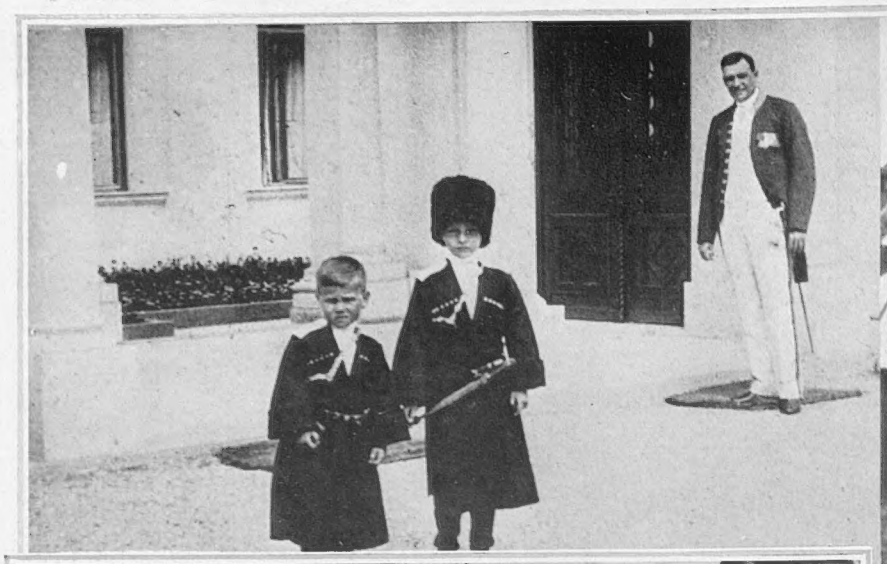
WELCOME TO NIPPON: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce with Mrs. Furuya and Mrs. Murayama at the banquet of welcome, at which Japanese dishes were served, held in Osaka to celebrate her solo flight from England to Japan

A LITTLE FACE AMONG THE RUINS: A poignant group in the hastily improvised shelters erected on the Izu Peninsula after the recent earthquake. One of the little survivors has a curiously Occidental appearance

AT THE FEAST OF THE HOLY VIRGIN: Dons and Donas of Spain at the Royal Palace Chapel, Madrid. Inset above on left—*THE GUARD OF HONOUR: Rear-Admiral R. A. S. Hill inspects the Guard of Honour from the first Battalion Somerset Light Infantry provided on the occasion of his departure for home from Hong Kong*

The PRIVATE LIFE of the IMPERIAL

A Unique Set of Illustrations with Notes by MERIEL BUCHANAN, *Author of*



FOR THE IMPERIAL FAMILY ALBUM: The Tsar, as a photographer, snaps the Grand Duchess Tatiana, and, on left, the Tsarevitch and a friend in Tscherkess uniform

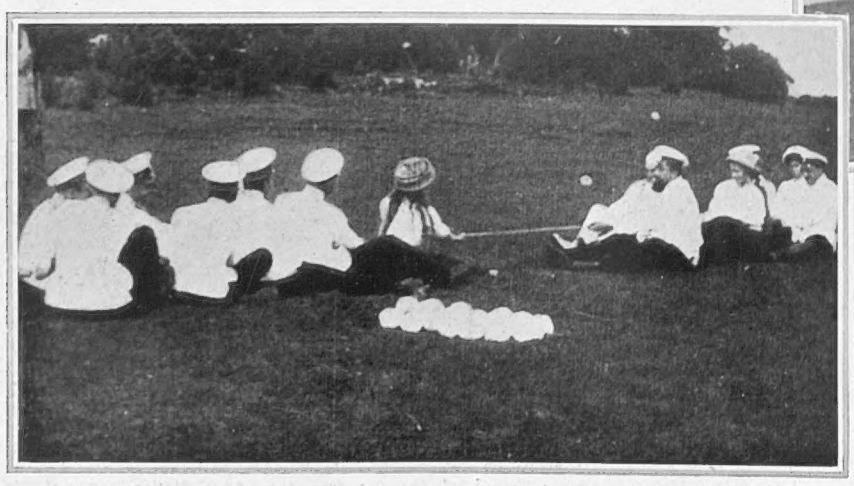
THE FIRST LESSON ON SKATES: The Grand Duchess Tatiana's first attempts at the popular pre-war indoor sport were conducted on board the Imperial yacht

AQUATIC AMUSEMENTS: Th... motor-

This series of pictures, published for the first time in England, give us a glimpse, which is unspeakably sad and pathetic, into a past many of us have forgotten. Suddenly we seem to turn back the pages of the Book of Life and come upon one that, dusty with age, is still startlingly, almost vividly alive. And what a page of memories it is—memories so poignantly tragic that they are beyond tears, memories of happy days engulfed for ever in the oblivion of Eternity, their summer sunshine darkened by the shadow of an unforgivable crime. Here are pictures of an intimate and united family circle—pictures taken at Tsarskoe, at Peterhof, in the Crimea, during the years 1907 till 1912. A picnic on the grass, the Emperor of Russia taking snapshots of his daughters, a tug-of-war in the park at Tsarskoe, an expedition in a motor-boat, bathing at Peterhof in the blue, shallow waters of the Gulf of Finland, a picture of the Grand Duchess Tatiana learning to roller skate on board the Imperial yacht, the small, pathetic figure of the little Tsarevitch watching some friends bathing, holding the hand of the sailor, Derevenko, who was his body guard and nurse, another picture of him in Caucasian uniform, still another of him, older and taller, on horseback. Glimpses, all these, into a past that seems somehow far away and remote.

THE RUSSIAN POPES bless the airport in the Crimea in 1907 in the presence of the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch

THE HAPLESS HOPE OF ALL THE RUSSIAS: The little Tsarevitch in his imposing Tscherkess uniform



THE TUG OF WAR: A family sport. On the right the Grand Duchess Tatiana, and on the left the Grand Duchess Anastasia pull their weight

These pictures show us the Emperor in a new light, a light which perhaps few people have ever realized. We see him here, not as the tyrant and despot, not as the weakly-obstinate and self-willed man so many biographers have portrayed, not as the moody, vacillating Sovereign of a great Empire, swayed at one moment by a profound mysticism, an inherent, morbid melancholy, at the next carried to extremes by the evil advice of his entourage, but as a kindly, simple-minded, affectionate father and husband, a man who delighted in the joys of home life, in quiet, intimate amusements, the absence of pomp and ostentation. Here is a family circle free for the moment from the fetters and restraint of etiquette, the cares of statecraft, the burden of Government, a family circle, happy and care free, save for

RUSSIAN FAMILY *revealed in* PICTURES

of Petrograd, City of Trouble, 1914–1918," Daughter of Our late Ambassador to Russia

THE ROYAL BATHING PARTY: The Tsarevitch, accompanied by the devoted sailor-nurse, Derevenko, watches his family bathe at Peterhof. The Tsar is fourth from the left

The Grand Duchess Anatasia in the

One sees them here in these pictures, a laughing group of young girls, sincerely devoted to each other, sharing each other's amusements, joys and sorrows, one thinks of the jokes they planned, of the secrets they whispered to each other, of the joint name they shared, "Otma" composed out of the four initials of their names. Pictures of ghosts, palaces haunted by dead laughter, gardens sunk in a silence that waits in vain for the shrill voice of a little boy, a little boy born to a great inheritance, ailing and fretful sometimes, but always adored and worshipped by a mother whose chief sin was perhaps that she loved him too much, was so blinded by her love that she could not see the dangers in her path.

So much has happened since these pictures were taken, they bring back to our minds things we have forgotten, things we dare not remember, a crime so terrible in its brutality and callous savagery that it swung back the pendulum of time to an age of brutal barbarity. The story of that crime has been told very often, the civilized world has heard it with a shudder of incredulous horror, but the civilized world forgets very quickly, so let those who have forgotten look on these pictures taken in happy holiday mood, let them look on the laughing youth of these girls, at the figure of a woman they are always ready to condemn, on the face of an Emperor they are always ready to criticize, let them think of the cellar of Ipatieff's house in Ekaterinberg, on the night of July 16–17, in the year 1918, and let them be silent.

the one ever present anxiety of the little Tsarevitch's delicate health. In spite of the old-fashioned dresses and the dimness of some of the pictures one can distinguish the Grand Duchess Olga with her fair piquant loveliness, the frank directness of her laughing eyes, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, beautiful in a more restrained, exotic way, the Grand Duchess Marie, nicknamed by her sisters "Fat little Bow-Wow," the Grand Duchess Anastasia, a laughing imp of mischief, always in some kind of scrape, rather an *enfant terrible*, but a very lovable one.

FRIENDLY MONARCHS: The Tsar and King Carol I of Rumania, the uncle of the late King Ferdinand, whose crown now rests securely on the brow of his son, once dispossessed of his inheritance

QUOITS ON DECK: The Tsar and the Tsarina indulge in deck sports on the Imperial yacht—a favourite pastime

THE RIDING LESSON: The Tsarevitch mounted on his favourite and docile pony

AN ALFRESCO MEAL: The Tsarina takes her breakfast in the open air at the Crimea Air Port in 1907

FACES *of the* WEEK

GENTLEMEN OF THE DOGS: Major R. B. Birney and Admiral Sir Sydney Freemantle at the National Greyhound Racing Society's Banquet at the Savoy

"ENGAGED" IN TRAINING: Carnera, whose betrothal has been announced, training for his fight with Reggie Meen at the London Sporting Club

SUCCESS AT LAST: M. Steeg, who, after two failures, succeeded in forming a French Cabinet

THE MAHARAJA OF ALWAR, one of the most vivid personalities of the Conference

INTO THE BREACH: Mr. S A. Locke, stage manager of the Hippodrome, who played lead

A BURMESE DELEGATE, at the reception held by the Overseas League at its Headquarters at Park Place, in honour of the Round Table Conference. *On right*—Mr. Evelyn Wrench, the Founder and Secretary of the League greets two lady delegates

MR. ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, formerly a tram conductor is a newly appointed Traffic Controller

LORD HARROWBY lights the 50 lamps at the Toc H Regional Festival at Birmingham University. The Prince of Wales has given the great movement a new impetus

GLINTON BON CHANCE: A magnificent bull terrier owned by Miss Muriel O. Muscott shown on the first day of the National Dog Show held at Bingley Hall, Birmingham

ARISTOCRATS OF THE EAST: "Fancy Free" and "Fair Maiden," two blue Persians entered for the National Cat Club Show at The Crystal Palace. *Top centre picture*—PRESENTATION: Lord Harewood presents to Lord Daresbury a service of gold plate on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Society, in the Royal Agricultural Hall

ENFORCING THE LAWS OF MAN BY DAY AND THE LAWS OF GOD BY NIGHT: The missionary constable, Edward de Vries, who works in Chicago

The EMPIRE *expressed in* SILK

The Change in Japanese Clothes is the Harbinger of a Change in Japanese Thought

BY SIDNEY GREENBIE

Napoleon is said to have remarked, "After all, a throne is but wood and velvet." Substitute silk for velvet and you have Japan. Sericulture has been known in Japan for a thousand years. It was brought into the country several hundred years earlier, but it was not generally practised until the Imperial family encouraged it by itself engaging in it. The centuries of strife that occupied the feudal lords until the Tokugawa era reduced the culture of silk, but the three centuries of peace in isolation revived it.

Until the opening of Japan to the world the wearing of silk was limited to Samurai only; but after that, all classes were permitted to wear it, with the result that to-day there is hardly an infant in arms or on the streets, a clerk in a store, a priest in a monastery, and a geisha in a tea house that does not share with the nobility and the Imperial family the luxury of silken garments. There is silk over wood, silk under lacquer, silk under paint, and silk embroidered with gold. If wood is the flesh of Japan, then silk is the flesh of colour, of dignity, of sobriety, of gaiety, and of religious sublimation. The ethics, the art, the literature, and the graces of cultivated life find their base in the use of silk, just as form and action find their expression in wood.

RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED: Princess Chichibu in European dress at a recent bazaar held in Hibiya Park to produce money for the jobless

The tremendous amount of thinking that has gone into the making of the ceremonial court robes of Japan might, from a utilitarian point of view, better have been spent in more profitable occupations; but from the æsthetic angle, there is perhaps no nation that has written more of its history into its garments with the possible exception of China. A simple little maiden on the street when dressed for a festival has enough on her to worry the average Western mother to distraction: into the robes of all partaking in the ceremonies of State, the thinking, the art, the ritual, the knowledge of custom, involves the skill and understanding of thousands.

So meticulous in each detail are the Japanese that the slightest shade of colour wrongly introduced upon the opening of the sleeve will catch the attention of some notable, and judgment passed upon it. On one such occasion, Lady Murasaki, a novelist of old Japan, remarked: "There may be criticism where want of taste is too apparent. But it were better to criticize manners. Dress is rather unimportant in comparison."

Yet manners are inextricably interwoven with dress. The nineteenth-century woman could no more play a game of modern tennis than she could float with diving-boots. Our manners have been changed with our dress, or vice versa, exposed legs no longer making it vulgar for a woman to cross her legs while sitting. Nor can one conceive of a Japanese geisha dancing a tango or a fox-trot in her elaborate kimonos of which she may wear three or four at a time. The manners of the Japanese are emphasized when he dresses in foreign costume; his legs are unused to trousers, they know only how to behave under silk kimonos.

A DISCUSSION ON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE: M. Daikichiro Jagawa, M.P., speaks to a group of women whose costumes are definitely occidental

But the manners are changing with the changing of these garments and to-day, in Tokyo and Kobe, everywhere where there is music and foreign life, dancing in our way, of couples together, has become the fashion, and the short skirt and bobbed hair make it possible. In their dress the Japanese express publicly all those inner feelings otherwise concealed; but the visitor who has first made a point of understanding the formalities in dress will quickly enough understand the thoughts, the feelings, the relationships of the people wearing them. The geisha will never be mistaken for wife or daughter, the daughter will never be taken for sweetheart, the dignified, sombre-clad mother will never be mistaken for her trailing servant,

Officially, apart from the foreign costumes now worn and the decorations, one official, one great man can be told from another by the kind of coat he wears, and his family and class may be known from the little seal or decoration painted or woven into the middle of the back of the outer garment. So ingrained is this expression of class in costume that when first European clothes were introduced, every official had to have a frock-coat and no matter how poor or how ancient it was, in a frock-coat a man was in order.

One would expect that in such matters, it would be the stage folk, the geisha, who would lead the way in daring, but Japan reverses this as it does everything else. The geisha, "accomplished ones" as the name means, is in a sense the repository of the ancient arts, and whatever else Japan may borrow, it throws nothing of its own out of the window. Since wives and daughters are limited to the art of bearing children and maintaining the home and its virtues, the arts of love and charm and recreation must be maintained by this special class: and since this rule applies to the upper classes even more than to the lower classes, if there were not geisha to portray the social manners and customs of the ladies of the court and official life, how would those virtues ever penetrate the lower orders, and how would the leisured gentlemen of wealth and standing pass their time away?

Fantastic beyond imagination is the costume of the geisha, in her red-embroidered silks, her elaborate head-dress, and the trained flip it receives from her every move and gesture. She creates a world of her own into which there is none so noble and none so rich but she draws him in. The geisha school in Kyoto takes little girls even younger than nine, and thenceforth their lives are no longer the lives of children, for even on the street they pass with an air of the maturity of their profession. Songs, dances, repartee, the skill of tongue in story, and fingers in music and the understanding of men. Hers is not merely the art of entertainment; in her little head lies the culture of her race if she is to be successful. Festivals must be interpreted by her, and every occasion must have its special artistic device.

Gladly would she keep the world as it is, for up to the present age she has been the sole companion of men at play. But in Japan it is the freedom of women in other occupations that is breaking down the ancient customs of the geisha, for women who can earn their own living, as shown in industrial Japan, are going to demand social equality with their men, resent it though they may, and the result will be that the geisha will lose her place. Then will the silk kimono now being bought by ladies of the West become more rare and more sought after. The geisha are no longer the factor in social life they used to be. Japanese wives and mothers frequent the dance-halls and fox-trot as any flappers.

THE ALL JAPAN YOUNG WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION: The general meeting was attendea by over 500 delegates. Mme Fusako Yamawaki, Chief of Committee, reading the Imperial Rescript on Education is seen above

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

WAR IN THE AIR.—War is inevitable unless this peace-or-war talk stops. Europe, of aching nerves and threatening collapse, is goading herself along in delusion with all the obstinate attempts at self-deception of the neurasthenic and diseased.

Why all this futile cross-talk about disarmament, peace, and international brotherhood in a world already consecrated to peace as the League Covenant and Kellogg Pact would have us believe? Why these feverish, self-conscious denials of war-like intentions between states solemnly sworn to outlaw war?

The alarming truth is that Europe to-day is more war-minded, fears war to a greater extent, is more poignantly anticipative of impending war than in 1914 when the holocaust caught western civilization by real surprise. The next European war will be an unprecedented devil's holiday. There will be little left of or in Europe to bemoan the culpable blindness which pushed her to destruction. Once again the world will be "shocked," peoples resentful and revolutionary against governments "responsible" for the subsequent blasting of national prosperity and individual security and happiness. Such accusations, surging from the bitterness of ruined populations and bereaved families will be unjustified. The-man-in-the-street himself will be "responsible" for the next war. HIS is the thought, multiplied by tens of thousands into a national mental attitude. War talk, war books, war films, national prejudice, apathy, and insularity, guilty neglect on the part of each enfranchised citizen to arouse himself enough to see which way the world is going. Smug contentment with the old order, while other nations are outstripping us commercially. Endurance of chaos, unemployment, crushing taxes at home bolstered up with the drugging propaganda that "things are just as bad everywhere else." So they may be. But why be content to be spoon-fed with hollow second-hand reassurance of the other man's problematical misfortune and crippling incompetence? Especially from sources which, though represented as authoritative government or press are, in effect, groups of fallible or self-interested individuals.

Since every country has the government and the press it deserves, John Citizen, voter and newspaper supporter, is in the last analysis individually responsible for prosperity or ruin, peace, or war.

Flirting with war-talk, flattering with repetition that "We won the War" from platform and press, does not clarify the present European situation to the tax-payers most concerned, nor does it disperse the looming war-cloud or guarantee successful issue of any future international armed differences. Europe is sown with danger-spots, live bombs of the Sarajevo type which ignited the war of 1914, is seething with revolution, bristling with militarism, alert, preparing, and overshadowed by the incubating aspirations of Soviet Russia. The British public is not told much about all this in the press.

Football, racing, crime, cross-word puzzles, and insurance benefits increase the circulation better. But the public has a right to know, a constitutional right to know, and to decide "Well, what about it?" And if the public remains indifferent, and does not want to realize, then it is the duty of government and press to hammer it into public consciousness. For the next war, if there is to be war, and that lies entirely with the man-in-the-street, will react in a revolution of such intensity, bitterness, and indignation, that it would sweep away constituted authority, the social institutions, and traditions that we know and prize to-day.

WAR IN THE AIR.—The International Salon of Aviation in Paris was somewhat of a disappointment to me. Rightly or wrongly one quickly received the impression that it was pronouncedly military in its aircraft display. It reminded us of all the ugly rumours of war, and the terror that will come from the air in a new war. The engines of death and destruction dwarfed those of commerce, peace, and progress, bringing a sinister note into the atmosphere of the Salon. Aside from seaplanes and flying-boats, which enjoyed fair representation, civil aircraft seemed to hold but second place in importance. The Salon also obviously showed that private flying, such as is steadily increasing and becoming more and more popular with us in England, has as yet little vogue on the Continent. The British de Havilland Puss Moth, despite its inartistic colouring of yellow and red, was easily the Lady of the Show among the light aeroplanes. No wonder the French air industry tried to prevent its being exhibited in competition with French light aeroplanes. Germany exhibited but two light 'planes, a Junker's Junior and a Messerschmidt. Italy, three—a Breda, a Fiat, and a Romeo. America did not exhibit.

VICE PILSUDSKI: Colonel Slawek, who has been made Premier of Poland, both to pacify those crying for Parliamentary Government, and to give himself a needed rest. Pilsudski still remains War Minister and Inspector-General of the Army

AMAZONS OF THE AIR.—"British women put up a good show in the air," remarked an American aviator to me at the International Salon of Aviation in Paris. "We have in America about 300 women pilots, and I believe there are only twenty-five or thirty in England, but we hear and read more about your few in the newspapers than of the comparatively many in the United States."

British women *have* put up a good show in the air. Numerically few, they have done extraordinarily much in attracting attention to the lure and pleasure of flying, and have contributed their full share to the world renown of British light aeroplanes. One has only to recall the names of such women pioneers as Lady Heath, Lady Bailey, the record flights to India and Cape Town of the Duchess of Bedford with Captain Barnard as pilot, and Amy Johnson's solo flight to Australia.

Three other British women flyers have been head-liners in the newspapers lately. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce arrived in Tokio in her open Bluebird biplane, after one of the longest solo flights on record. She started from Heston Air Park near London. Alone she flew across the desert of Mesopotamia, India, the jungles of Burma and Siam, along the coast of China, to Hong Kong, Shanghai, north to Korea, thence to Japan. Mrs. Keith Miller started from Havana, Cuba, for Miami, Florida, was blown far out of her course by a storm, landed on Andros Island, one of the Bahamas, and walked sixteen miles to the nearest communication point. She had been given up as lost at sea.

Miss Winifred Spooner, one of England's premier women-pilots, together with Flying Officer Edwards, left from Heston in a small cabin monoplane to break the London to Cape Town record set up by the Duchess of Bedford and Captain Barnard. They attempted to fly at night, and, off the coast of Southern Italy, not far from the Straits of Messina, tumbled into the sea. Miss Spooner, encumbered by her leather flying clothes, swam more than two miles to shore where fishermen picked her up in an exhausted condition. Rescue parties went out to find Flying Officer Edwards, who could not swim. The 'plane, being of wood, floated, and Miss Spooner's companion was found on top of it, cut and bruised. Another British woman flyer who has received much attention in the American press is Mrs. A. Spencer Cleaver, daughter of the Finance Minister of Northern Ireland. Flying to Mrs. Cleaver has become a passion. She flies for her own pleasure, not for records. Taking her folding Gipsy Moth on board an Atlantic liner, she flew in easy stages across the United States from New York to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

AUSTRALIAN ELDORADO.—Lure of romantic adventure, and belief in the existence of a mysterious "Aladdin's Cave" of gold, closely guarded by aborigines, is responsible for the recent departure of two expeditions into Central Australia, to try their fortune where three official expeditions sent by the South Australian Government, failed at different times.

One party, starting from Sydney, includes Captain Blakiston-Houston, aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. This expedition has taken an aeroplane along to assist in survey work, and if necessary, to drop food supplies to members who may venture too far from their base. The second expedition which left from Adelaide, is led by Michael Terry, explorer and author, is financially backed by about fifty business men, and equipped for twelve months. The legend of this Aladdin's Cave has its origin in the reports of an explorer named Earle, who some thirty years ago, brought back from the interior wonderful specimens of gold in green quartz. To his dazzling description of a fantastic cave of gold guarded by wild men, he added a rough sketch of the country. Earle's tales, have fired the imaginations of Government and individual alike for three decades.

Dr. Herbert Basedow, authority on Central Australia, is convinced that rich gold deposits exist, and places them at the south-west corner of the Northern Territory, about 250 to 300 miles from Alice Springs, where the two latest expeditions recently arrived almost simultaneously. Dr. Basedow himself has twice been a member of exploring parties in search of this gold cave.

A DIPLOMATIC AERIAL RECORD: M. Pasquier, Governor of Indo-China, flew from his province to Paris in the plane piloted by Messrs. Goulette and Lalonette. The venerable pro-Consul is seen above with the former on his arrival at Le Bourget. M. Pasruier is the first diplomat to establish a record by travelling by air from the Far East

Both leaders of these two latest expeditions are optimistic, pointing out that as an "Open Sesame" to this cave or any other, modern aircraft and science cannot be beaten.

THE IRON HAND IN THE VELVET GLOVE: General Orlicz Dreszer, Pilsudski's right-hand man, who, despite the fact that he maintains order with Prussian ruthlessness, yet has the name of being the most urbane personality in Poland

THE PEOPLE OF MYSTERY.—The Basques of Spain, one of the "lost tribes" of Europe, mysterious of history and language, have decided that as a further step towards preserving their baffling individuality, they must claim autonomy from Spain. They have been partly encouraged in their racial aspirations, I was told in Spain the other day, by the fact that General Berenguer, more tolerant than the late Dictator has permitted the use of the regional flag and language for official purposes.

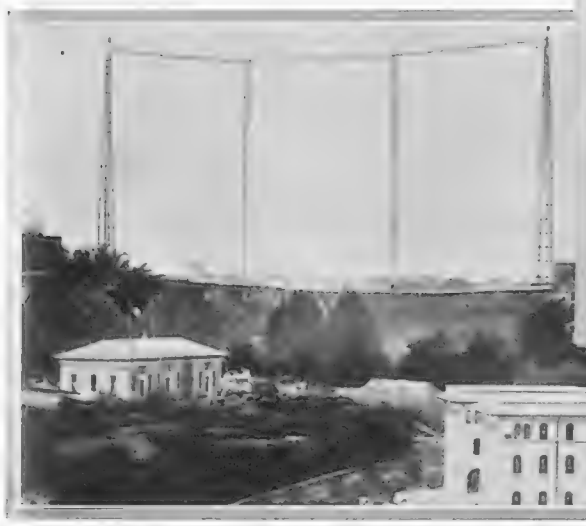
The establishment of a federation of the three Basque provinces, Viscaya, Guipuzcoa, and Alva, together with Navarra, which was also formerly independent, each to retain complete interior autonomy, is the proposal to be submitted to the Spanish Parliament. A second proposal to unite the French and Spanish Basques into one independent nation, is not meeting with general favour, since a majority of the Spanish Basques do not wish to be completely separated from Spain. Their chief desire is to ensure the preservation of racial and national traditions and customs, their language and culture, which from time immemorial has distinguished the Basque as unique amongst the peoples of the world.

The VATICAN TELEPHONE

And Other Items of European Interest

THE PAPAL TELEPHONE: His Holiness presses the lever connecting the instruments in his private room to the central exchange. To his right stands Mr. Hermann Behn, President of the Telephone and Telegraph Association of New York

FITTING IN THE CABLES: Workmen installing the telephone in the Vatican. It was presented to Pope Pius XI by the American company of which Mr. Behn is president



WIRELESS IN VATICAN CITY: The aerials on the Marconi short-wave transmitter supported by two 200-ft. high lattice towers. The station is in the garden on the left. Inset is the actual Papal telephonic instrument in solid gold

THE TOMB OF THE MASTERSINGER: The stone commemorating Walther von der Vogelweide was moved on the 700th anniversary of his death from its place in the Museum garden to a new site in the Lusamgarten in Würzburg

THE GREATEST OF THE MINNESINGERS: The statue of Walther von der Vogelweide by the Franconian fountain in the Residenzplatz at Wurzburg, Bavaria

Würzburg in Bavaria has just been celebrating the 700th anniversary of the death of Walther von der Vogelweide, the greatest of the German Minnesingers, who died in 1230. The Minnesingers were the forerunners of the Mastersingers of Germany, with whom Wagner's opera has made us familiar. But whereas the Mastersingers were craftsmen who formed themselves into a strict guild for the cultivation of correct singing, and enforced a high moral standard among their members, the Minnesingers were more of the gay troubadour class. The singer of the Preislied in Wagner's opera was something of the Minnesinger type. Walther von Stolzing, a young knight of Franconia, surprised the honest craftsmen of Nuremberg by seeking admission to their guild, for they knew him to be "the sole living scion of a noble race." When asked who was his master in poetry and singing he replied by a song describing how he had found in an ancient book the poems of Sir Walther von der Vogelweide, who in this way had become his master.

MONSTERS OF THE WILD: A scene at Lake Paradise, 1,000 miles from Nairobi, recorded in a notable wild animal film. The author discusses the idea of a cemetery of elephants, but declares it to be an impossibility

Do WILD ANIMALS *Think?*

An Experienced Hunter Claims the Answer is in the Affirmative for they Learn from Observation, they can Communicate with One Another, and they Practise Co-operative Strategy

By WYNANT DAVIS HUBBARD

I do not believe that any one questions the fact that all animals think to some extent. Reasoning, perhaps, is just a different term for thinking, but to my mind it stands for a somewhat higher order of brain work than mere thought. An animal which can assimilate two ideas or correlate two happenings so as to develop a plan of action based upon both is, so far as I am concerned, upon a higher mental plane than an animal which only thinks and reacts to its emotions of fear or anger.

Animals learn by experience. This fact alone is sufficient to establish reasoning power. A buffalo calf, for instance, which has escaped from a leopard will from that time on be exceptionally alert whenever the smell of leopard drifts to its nostrils. Whether a buffalo's memory is so good that the scent of leopard recalls a vivid picture of attack, wounds, and escape even years after, no human can ever know. It may be that that sickening stench merely conjures up a vague feeling sufficiently acute to cause uneasiness yet not clear enough to urge flight. This last is more probably the true state of such a buffalo's mind, because—at least among humans—the tendency is to forget pain and horror. Regardless of the exact degree of memory, however, the buffalo calf learned a lesson it did not forget — namely, that leopards are dangerous creatures.

On the veldt wild animals must constantly exercise their reason if they are to survive. Those persons who stand in front of animals in the Zoological Gardens and speculate as to how much happier such animals would be if they were free in their native haunts have not the faintest conception of what they are talking about. For wild life is savage life. There is no safety at any time for any animals. Killers are abroad always. The struggle to obtain sufficient meat, grass, and water to maintain life is constant and strenuous. Animals have no charitable societies to care for the indigent, no hospitals to nurse sick and wounded, no police to keep order. Among wild animals it is every one for himself. The lions or hyenas, crocodiles, or man will catch or kill those who lag behind.

Leopards, when they have made a kill and eaten their fill, will often, if they can, drag their prey up into a tree. They know only too well that scavengers will gather from miles around and finish off the meat within an hour of the setting of the sun.

Lions lie up beside their kills or drag what is left into dense bush. Why? Because of the vultures which will descend in hordes upon unguarded meat and claw it to pieces in no time at all. Indeed, one of the surest methods of finding a lion, a leopard, or a cheetah is to watch the vultures. Once a kill has been made, one of them will see it even though the bird is floating so high in the sky the human eye can scarcely pick it out. Down the bird will come in wide circles. Others of its kind will see and descend also. If the killer is feeding the vultures will perch in the neighbouring trees and wait like ghouls.

Because of these birds and the innumerable four - footed carrion feeders, no killer will leave its meat unless frightened away or fully satiated.

Would you call such actions instinctive? Or are they the result of bitter lessons learned by hungry animals returning to their kills only to find them eaten by the scavengers of the veldt? If they are the result of experience, are they not then clear examples of reasoning powers in animals? Have not the killers connected cause and effect and drawn conclusions upon which they have acted?

This discussion brings to mind the age-old myth of the graveyard of the elephants. Supposedly there is some hidden spot, one in India and one in Africa, to which all elephants travel when they know that their span of life is nearing an end. The story is a tribute to the sagacity of elephants, but unfortunately it is not true. Were there any such place it would be not only the burying ground of elephants but the happy feasting ground of all the carrion eaters, a list including lions, leopards, crocodiles, jackals, hyenas, cheetahs, the innumerable small cats, ants, vultures, and eagles. Every type of animal, save only the grass-eaters, would congregate in hundreds and feast and fight and kill and scream and roar. The spot would be a veritable Babel of animals. Nor would man be lacking. For the natives would see the vultures and find the spot. They would dare it for the ivory. White men would buy the tusks and question the black men, and eventually the secret would leak out. Then, indeed, the burying-ground would be desecrated, for the crack of rifles would disperse the crowd of scavengers and before very long no ivory would remain. The incoming elephants would be shot before they reached their goal, and this mythical last resting place would be wiped out.

As a matter of fact, in a much smaller way this is exactly what happens when an elephant dies of old age or accident. Vultures and other scavengers find the body either through sight or smell. Native tribesmen do the same. Within forty-eight hours little is left of such a fallen giant save the largest bones, which are useless to man and strong enough to defy even the jaws of the hyenas. It is because so little remains that few elephants are found.

Hunters not infrequently have seen lions walking among herds of antelope or zebra without causing a panic. Every such happening can be explained by the obvious fact that the lion was full fed. But how did these antelope know that? When their dreaded enemy suddenly appeared among them walking unconcernedly in daylight, how did they know that at this particular time the lion was inoffensive? Did they see, as the human observers saw, that the stomach of the lion was heavy with food? Or was there some other indication which even professional hunters did not see or understand but which was evident to the antelope?

The African buffalo has acquired a reputation for aggressiveness which is surpassed by few other big-game animals. Particularly is the buffalo feared when wounded, for then it resorts to tricks which have brought death or mauling to many hunters. A mortally wounded or even badly hurt buffalo—and this is true of elephants also—will turn out from the herd with which it has been running and travel by itself. Once alone it will run a varying distance, depending upon the severity of its hurt. Eventually it will turn and, circling, either come back close to its outward tracks or stand hidden to one side of its spoor. Hunters tracking carefully with their eyes on the ground follow the blood-bespattered trail. They round an ant-hill, cross a patch of long grass, and whang! The buffalo charges upon them from an unexpected direction and at very close quarters. Only an exceptionally experienced hunter or a very fast shot can extricate himself from such a predicament.

Herds of game are nearly always led by a female animal. Possibly it is because old males generally leave the herds and run by themselves or in company with one or two other bulls. The zebra and the smaller antelopes are the exceptions so far as separation of old males is concerned. Before I began to notice this fact I had always supposed that the leader of a herd was the biggest and strongest male, that he held this rank by virtue of his fighting ability. How the leader is chosen, or how the leader becomes a leader—for she is not chosen in the sense that the members of herd ballot—is a complete mystery. Nevertheless, beyond all question there is one animal in every herd which acts as a focusing point for all herd movement.

Birds play an important part in the lives of wild animals. At night and early in the morning and late in the evening plover are the sentries. Grazing animals will look up at a plover's call and stand listening for any sound which might betray the animal which startled the bird.

Ducks, geese, cranes, ibis, and smaller birds feeding about water-holes convey much information by their attitudes to game standing in the shelter of trees, deciding whether or not it is safe to approach the water. It is very seldom that animals approach water from any direction save up or cross wind. When they do it is because they have seen others of their kind already there or because of the birds. Unfortunately I have never seen a lion come to water.

The honey-guide with its continual chirping conversation, and the go-away bird act as sentinels just as the plover. Tick birds are other warners of danger. These five are the most noticeable sentries; but guinea-fowls, egrets, aad many others are a continual source of annoyance to hunters.

I have dealt somewhat at length on this point because it seems to me that the connection which an animal sees between the fluttering or call of a bird and danger is an illustration of reasoning power in wild animals. You can form your conclusions and agree or disagree as you see fit. It must be conceded, however, that animals do learn from experience. That is one essential factor in my deductions.

STILL NEAR THEIR KILL: A large group of lions caught after a full meal. One sure means of finding lion is to watch the vultures who hover over any kill made by one of the big felines

IN UNKNOWN SANAA

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Recording a Visit to One of the Least Known Capitals in the World

THE ROUND HOUSE OF SAYED ALI ZABARA, The Imam's Chancellor of the Exchequer, adjacent to the Imam's palace. The type of house, not unusual in Yaman, recalls the days of feudal warfare when each chieftain had his own fortress

WITH CIRCULAR DÉCOR: A Jew's house in Sanaa which is notable for its curious decoration in circles and a triangular version of the Greek key pattern. There are over 20,000 Jews in Sanaa

ORIENTAL SKYSCRAPERS: Houses in Sanaa are built in rectangular blocks and are seven and eight storeys high, the top room being a sort of verandah greatly appreciated in hot weather

IN THE GRANDE PLACE, SANAA: The great crowd assembled in the centre of a town, the ground floor of whose houses contains invariably a reception room opening on to a garden with a basin and fountain worked from wells in primitive fashion by camel or ox labour. Behind the dome can be seen a glimpse of the strange skyline of Sanaa's architecture

THE SANAA AERODROME: The two aeroplanes specially prepared on the Imam's orders for the arrival of Anis Pasha, who may be seen holding the ear of a donkey. The officer in black with a black fur coat is the Turkish Commandant

IN

A Specia

By HASSAN

Hassan M. Anis Pasha, who has written this account of Sanaa and its strange houses and inhabitants is well-known in Egypt for his interest in flying, with which he has been connected since the days of his friendship with Hubert Latham. He has just created the Aero Club of Egypt and proposes to fly from London to Cairo in a specially constructed machine. He was born at Alexandria in 1885 and was educated at Balliol College Oxford

The first impression that the word Arabia gives is a barren desert with a camel and a palm tree in the background; and there are few, who know that in the south-western corner of the sandy peninsula there lies a fertile and hilly country which has known wealth and prosperity and which even now can boast of its old name: Arabia Felix (Happy Arabia). That wonderful country, "Yaman," with its green plateaux, its terraced fields, its streams, and the wonderful climate of its hills, lies like a huge oasis between the Red Sea and the Great Red Desert. Only a few hundred miles separate it from Aden and yet very few are those who have been into it and who have seen Sanaa, the capital of Yaman, Sanaa the wonderful, which every Arab in the Peninsula longs to see once in his life. And I was filled with joy when I received the invitation of the King of Yaman: Al Imam Mahya Muhammad ibn Hamiddiddin, to whom I am tied in bonds of friendship, to visit him in Sanaa; for I realized the opportunities that such friendship would give for seeing and studying that country, so little known, and so seldom visited. This Eastern Monarch who had managed to impose his sway, and secure a steady and safe system of Government among more or less feudal tribes, could, I was sure, help to see all that could be seen in Yaman, as I knew that his name inspired awe and respect in all surrounding tribes.

It is from the sky that I dropped, as was the express wish of the Imam. This extraordinary ruler, who knows the outside world only through reading and hearsay, is endeavouring gradually to introduce into his country any such modern inventions as would contribute to the welfare of his subjects without interfering with their smooth and quiet habits and customs. The telegraphic system he inherited from the Turkish occupation is still in good working order and he has installed a system of wireless communication with the most inaccessible parts of his kingdom; and as the difficulties encountered by the traveller in getting about mountainous Yaman have impressed upon this ruler the necessity of finding more modern and rapid means of transport for the representatives of his authority and for his mail, he, knowing of my past experience in flying, had asked me to supply him with two aeroplanes for quick transport, and it was really amusing to see the contrast between the most primitive means of transport, the camel, travelling at two and a half miles an hour and the aeroplane going at over one hundred miles an hour,

Complying with his wish, I took the planes, but it was when the steamer anchored off the coast of Yaman that my difficulties began. The only harbour (if I can call it so) of which Yaman can boast at present is Hodeida. This small coastal town disposes of a small breakwater of about one hundred feet, and behind it there is not enough depth for a loaded native dhow of four tons, and I have often wondered why the Turkish engineers never thought of building a harbour at Ras-al-Kalib only seven miles north of Hodeida, where a natural gulf closed in by a natural rock breakwater made the spot an ideal natural harbour for the whole of Yaman. Nevertheless there was nothing else to do but land there the huge cases, two of which were 30 ft. long by 10 ft. wide and the same height, as well as fourteen other cases containing spares, tools and instruments, from the steamer anchored four miles away, and get all that material on shore without quay or crane. Well, it had to be done, and we did it. Sometimes while standing drenched with perspiration (120 in the shade) and gasping for breath (97% of damp) in the midst of my 150 bearers, half naked with only a bit of cloth round their waists, I recalled the paintings on the walls of ancient Egyptian temples and thought that the erection of pyramids and huge columns in Hypostyle Halls must have been very similar to the scene in which I was now playing a part. Once the cases were ashore and opened, a shed had to be built out of the wood and it was in that improvised workshop that the erection of the 'planes was undertaken and finished, so that on the third day of my arrival, I tested the first machine and on the fourth flew it to Sanaa (without maps and simply on verbal explanation about a land entirely unknown to me). I shall never forget the reception given to me when I landed in the field South of Sanaa, prepared by order of the Imam. The troops were massed, the bands were playing and the great dignitaries with their huge white turbans, their flowing and brilliantly coloured robes, their worked and gilt leather belts and bejewelled daggers were present in imposing array. The escort given to me consisted of about forty men with blue painted faces, arms and legs (the convention of hill-men in Yaman, to keep themselves warm, as they believe), with leaves stuck in their hair, brandishing a Mauser rifle in one hand and a curved dagger in the other, while four drum-beaters opened procession, the remainder of the escort was chanting the "Zamel" song.

I was taken to a very nice house specially prepared for me by my host in Bir El Azab, the West End of Sanaa separated from the main town by a gate guarded by a sentry, from sunset to sunrise. In the "Mafrag" (reception hall), we sat on cushions round the walls, with a "Madaa" (hubble bubble) 5 ft. high in the middle of the room, the pipe of which, 10 ft. long, was passed from one dignitary to the other. In front of us played the waters of the "Shazrawan" (fountain)

THE BAB EL
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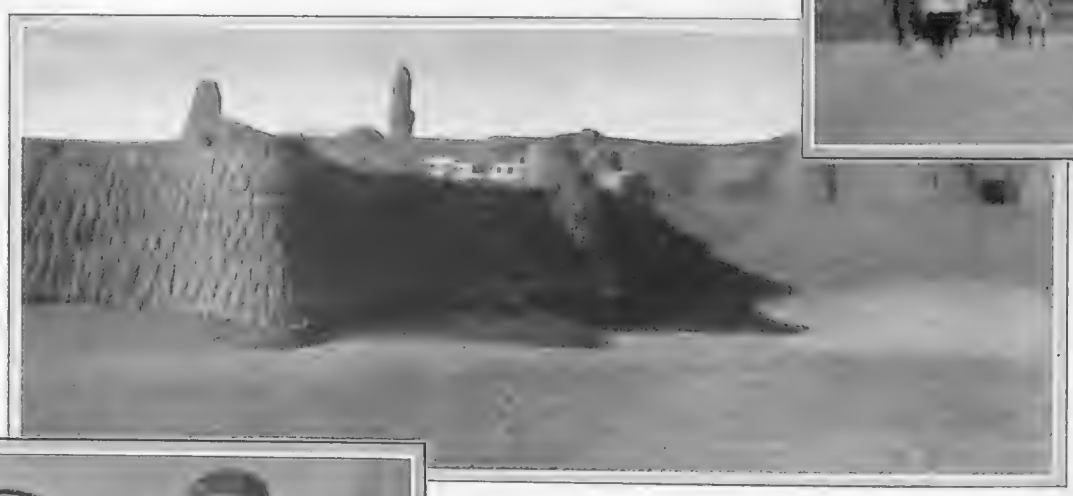

THE CITY WALLS: The town of Sanaa recalls feudal days not only in its architecture but in its walls which have strong bastions set at intervals round them

and in the distance I could hear the creaking of the primitive apparatus which raised the water from the well, and the songs of the child who drove the camel up and down the slope. Some of the high personalities present took out of their pockets bunches of green leaves and began to chew them until they seemed to have swollen cheeks. I knew later that they were chewing the famous "Kat," the drug herb of Yaman which every Yamani chews whether he be man or child, beggar or prince. It is chewed in the presence of the Imam himself, and I have heard a poem written by him in praise of it.

And what a wonderful sight I had on my first walk through Sanaa streets from my house to the Imam's palace! The narrow streets bordered by houses seven and eight storeys high, the big square crowded with people in every possible kind of dress, men in flowing robes of all colours, children with enormous turbans, soldiers with khaki tunics and short skirts, looking like kilts, hill men with sheepskins, officers with astrakan caps and old Turkish uniforms, women in tight-fitting trousers, and a big dark blue veil covering them from head to knee. In the middle of this veil, just facing the eyes, were painted circles in white and red in the shape of a shooting target, which gave the wearers the appearance of owls. Every man was armed and I had to carry my big Colt conspicuously in order to be in tune.

Every day I spent a few hours in the Imam's "Mafrag," where he carries on his state business, surrounded by his ministers and secretaries seated round the walls on low cushions, and chewing "Kat." The messengers brought the mail heaped up in their skirts and poured it on the carpet in front of the Imam. He himself opened the letters, which were rolled like

SONS OF THE IMAM: Seven of the junior members of the family. He has seven other children including three daughters. Among the elder sons is the Emir Seiful Islam Muhammad who has been appointed governor of Hodeida

UNKNOWN SANAA:

The Remarkable Capital of Yaman, "The Garden of Arabia"

ction of "The Sphere" Revealing the Curious Life of One of the Least Visited of the World's Capitals

ANIS PASHA

long cigarettes, and after writing his instructions with a "fountain pen" hurled them across the room to the official concerned. Some of the messengers had their feet attached with a loose chain. This was a light punishment for some slight offence. It had the advantage of not preventing the criminal from doing his duty, while the actual punishment was

A NATIVE FORCE: A troop of Arabian soldiers march in from the desert

"MAIN STREET": This is the only broad thoroughfare in the town of Sanaa and leads from Bab el Sabah, which separates Sanaa proper from Bir el Azab (the west end of Sanaa), to the foot of Djebel Noukoum the 900 ft. hill which overlooks the town

E L[MAN]: The Gate of Yaman, s in the wall surrounding s to Aden and most of gh it. Gates are shut sunrise and are also ay prayers on Fridays

from ten in the morning till late at night, except for prayers and meals, when he moves into his apartments preceded by his six-foot high coal-black sword-bearer and followed by his guard, chanting the "Zamel." The drums begin to beat slowly at first, then the rhythm increases until it becomes a deafening rattle the moment he gets in.

Sometimes I used to sit with him early in the morning in the courtyard of his palace while he looked into the complaints which any of his subjects is entitled to make to him personally.

I once saw a man who had walked for eight days from his village in the mountains to Sanaa to see the Imam. When he saw him he only asked him to give a benediction to his cow. With a smile, the Imam said "Go, may the Almighty preserve her," and the old man started on his eight day walk back to his village quite happy. I hope his cow is still in good health both for him and for the Imam's prestige.

Having for a long time cherished the hope of one day exploring the Empty Quarter of Arabia, which lies on the eastern border of Yaman, I hoped that my friendship with the Imam would be a great help towards attaining that aim. I was so near this mysterious and unknown land, the existence of which seems hardly believable at this age, when every corner of the globe has been visited and marked on the maps, when the most inaccessible parts of our planet have been snapped and "turned," when the North and South Poles are no more a mystery to mankind! Its name

(Continued on page 574)

SANAA FROM THE AIR: The town was once a very prosperous settlement, has some 70,000 inhabitants of whom all but 10,000 are Muslims. The others are Jews who live in a ghetto, the two white minarets mark the Mosque and the square building in the top left-hand corner, outside the town proper, is the military barracks

increased by the feeling of humiliation engendered by the chain.

The Imam works at his "Mafrag"

A MAN-MADE VOLCANO: A scene caught by the camera during the great fire at the Santa Fé oil springs

GUSHERS of FIRE

There is Trouble Ahead when an Oil Gusher or a "Gasser" Catches Fire, for it often takes Days of Perilous Hard Work to Conquer one of these Raging Man-made Volcanoes

BY FRANK HARREL

A river of fire, stretching for miles through the prairie, with its whirlpools of flame, crashing and thundering through heavy billows of smoke that from a distance looked like heavy rain clouds, and its islands of more intense flames, whirling and swinging now and then against the brink to send dried grass and trees up in smoke—such was the spectacle which thousands of inhabitants of central Oklahoma witnessed a few Sundays ago.

The scene was the Canadian River at a point a few miles from Oklahoma City, where for two days the Morgan Petroleum Company's wild oil gusher, the Stout No. 1, dubbed "Stout Fella" by the oil men, had flooded the countryside with crude oil and coated the near-by stream with a highly inflammable scum. The inevitable had happened; the river had caught on fire, but at a safe distance from the well.

There it was, this "Stout Fella," pouring out oil at the rate of 60,000 barrels a day, roaring with the energy of a thousand earth devils, spurting its purple-black cloud high into the air and raining oil for ten miles to the leeward. The black stuff fell on to the group of workmen gathered around the base of the derrick and on the surrounding terrain, huddling in pools for a second and then hurrying off to feed the ever-mounting wall of flame that stretched through the countryside.

Fortunately the current of the river carried the flame farther and farther from the well, never allowing it to creep backward to ignite the gusher and turn it into a spout of liquid fire. Fire and river fought a ceaseless battle. As the oil gathered in spots in the eddying current of the stream and flames burst into the air it seemed at times as if the fire would win; but the tricky river quickly dissipated the source of supply, only to collect it into another flaming geyser a few miles down the stream.

The thousands of curious who lined the banks on both sides of the river often were forced to draw back in haste as the current swung one of these columns landward. Here and there along the river feeble blazes, divorced from the main body of the fire, struggled to clamber up the steep bank into the underbrush. For ninety miles in every direction farmers and citizens of the smaller towns gazed at the towering black smoke and reckoned that Oklahoma City's big oil fire had come at last.

Over in the State House section of Oklahoma City, where the city's oil millionaires have built rows of expensive homes with the wealth which came to them so suddenly, these same millionaires kept one apprehensive eye on the distant smoke and the other on their homes. Their expensive lawns were soaked in oil and their garages were so coated with slime that they looked like patent leather houses. They wondered how long it would be before they could light fires again—they feared even to light a cigar, lest this very oil which had rescued them from agricultural poverty should suddenly become a raging terror that would destroy their castles.

Down on the "flats" at the well a crew of fifty or so oil-soaked "roughnecks," their feet and hands already blistered by the irritating crude oil, battled with the roaring monster that threatened at every minute to engulf them in flames. Several hours before they had been called from the well by the siren shrieks that warned of a near-by blaze. It had been quenched, and they hurried back to resume the big job of placing the "bonnet" over the roaring column.

Slowly the "bonnet"—a 2-ton piece of metal—was lowered over the casing head, and the workmen rushed in with long iron poles to screw it on. Finally it was fast, the master gates were closed, and for the first time in sixty-six hours the oil and gas ceased flowing. The workmen clambered down the slick pipes to the derrick floor. They gave a feeble cheer, though spent by days and nights of ceaseless work, and then hurried to the bunkhouse to get a bit of rest and to smoke a cigarette, a comfort they had not known for hours. They lay down with their boots on, fearful that they would be called out again almost any minute by a roar that would shake the neighbourhood as the "Stout Fella" again broke its leashes.

There are hundreds of "roughnecks" who have reputations for fearlessness in the face of fire in their own localities. Hardened by the tough-enough everyday work of the oil fields, the ordinary workman sees only a little difference between the hazardous life of the ordinary routine and the spectacular action required by fire. He is used to clinging to the top of a flimsy derrick swaying in the fierce wind of the prairie country, winter and summer alike. He has stayed at his job while lightning crashed all around, working steadily so that his owner could bring in his well on time. Coated with the thick slime of a spouting gusher, he has laboured to close the valves, knowing that a spark caused by metal striking on metal would send him to his grave, a charred and unrecognizable corpse. Out of any well crew a dozen or so fellows may be found who are willing to risk their lives to save their owner's property and the surrounding wells from destruction.

If the subjugation of a wild gusher like "Stout Fella," that has not caught on fire, calls for courage and daring, the snuffing out of a burning oil or gas "wild 'un" demands these qualities transcended, with a few other things like perseverance and level-headedness thrown in. In the beginning the scene is much the same. Mud and muck boil from the casing and workmen stand by expectantly. Already the fire in the boiler has been quenched when the word that a gusher is imminent has been passed around. Suddenly the warning rumble is heard, the "head" increases, and presently the derrick is obscured in a mist of oil-laden gas. Or, if it is a "gasser," the fearful roar of the colourless gas and the flying pieces of timber and debris are the only indications that a veritable hell has broken loose.

Often these wells blow for days without catching fire while the workmen labour to conquer them. These are days full of dire expectancy. More than likely the dread of the workmen is fulfilled. Suddenly, with an ear-splitting crackling like huge sails being flapped and snapped in a gale, the derrick is enveloped in flame. The crackling gives way in an instant to a mighty roaring, and man has released another volcano with his rotary drill.

The gas flame is almost colourless except for the bright orange plume at the top. At night, when it spouts a hundred or so feet into the blackness and floods the plains or pine-clad hills with the bright orange light, the stem near the base is blue and the top an even more brilliant orange. The oil flame is a smudgy orange, now and then blackened completely by the dense smoke which may be seen for a hundred miles on a clear day. On its upward spurt all of the oil is not consumed and it drops in fiery splashes on the surrounding terrain, starting hundreds of smaller fires that are fed constantly by the main stream. Or perhaps it forms in rivulets, to run to the nearest creek and scatter its fire for miles through woodlands and farm country. Truly the burning oil or gas well is a spectacle fraught with fright.

There are several ways of extinguishing the burning oil well, and oftentimes all of them are tried on one well. The safest method is that of tunnelling beneath the ground for 50 or 60 ft., so that a pipe may be connected to the casing and the oil drained from the fire into a reservoir. First the site is cleared of debris by workmen wearing asbestos clothing—thick suits with a fireproof hood and equipped with a mica visor. Bulwarks of corrugated iron are built against the force of the heat, and giant fans are installed at the site if there is no wind. Pumps and boilers are pulled up and the workmen are sprayed with water as they dodge in and out of the flames, snatching away with long iron hooks the pieces of red-hot metal that might re-ignite the well once the first flame is snuffed out.

The site cleared, the tunnel is constructed and a small room is fashioned about the casing, so that those in charge of fastening the diverting pipe to the casing can move freely. It is a long job, and meanwhile the fire is consuming thousands of dollars in precious liquid gold.

Other methods used in fighting oil fires include the spraying of the casing head with high-pressure steam from a battery of boilers; the use, on small oil fires of a smothering device which is placed over the blaze by means of a cable stretched tautly between two posts through the very centre of the roaring flame, and the use of mud and hematite specially mixed and pumped under high pressure through a sort of movable hopper swung over the casing head.

The oil field superintendent must make his preparations hurriedly but well. Every fire presents a different problem to the engineering department of the oil company, but to the workmen every oil fire is about the same. They all call for blistering hours only a few feet from a blazing inferno, and more than likely they call for sacrifice of health or even life.

BLACK CIRCULAR BILLOWS OF SMOKE: Typical clouds from an oil fire, which are unmistakable in their appearance, raging in an oil field in the neighbourhood of Los Angeles

A DUSKY BELLE *at the* LAKE EDGE

REBECCA of the KALAHARI Desert

The Kalahari Desert is a vast tract of country lying between Great Namaqualand and Bechuanaland in South Africa, extending from the Gariep, or Orange River, northwards to 21 deg. S. lat., on the verge of the Ngami region, a distance of nearly 600 miles, with an average breadth of about 350 miles. Although called a desert it is not entirely such as that name implies. The region is an elevated basin, 3,000 to 4,000 ft. high, with numerous depressions, and bordered in most parts by a wide belt of sandy waterless country. But the rainfall in the interior is sufficient to nourish a fair amount of vegetation. Many parts are thickly covered with high, thorny bushes, which harbour large quantities of game. Wandering primitive Bushmen are found in the "desert," together with other tribes, the handsome girl seen here, evidently belongs to some more stalwart Masawa tribe. She is seen drawing water from lily-covered shallows, such as lie adjacent to the shores of Lake Ngami.

The KALAHARI DE

THE HUNTING PINK OF THE KALAHARI DESERT: A bushman disguised in stalks by way of camouflage to enable him to get near enough to his quarry to bring his spear into action

THE CAVE-MAN: Members of the Cadle Expedition discovered an old dweller in the desert. He can speak the bush guttural clicks, which resemble the chatter of monkeys, and is a piece of the descent of man. The culture of the Kalahari is so primitive as to approximate to the Pithecanthropoid long-sought "Missing Link" as exists—or has

THE DOMINANCE OF THE WHITE: Not only intellectually, but even physically, the modern civilized Caucasian transcends the Pithecanthropoid stature of the primitive Kalahari Bushman. Dr. Ernest Cadle, leader of the expedition, is seen above with two typical specimens

THE G.O.M. OF THE KALAHARI DESERT: Captain Robins, a veritable Thorean who lives the life of a recluse on the edge of the Kalahari. He has invested a considerable sum in scientific instruments whereby to studu nature at first hand. He is seen above with a telescope

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ESERT :

Cradle of the Human Race, According to Dr. Ernest Cadle, who led this Expedition

sert. For interpreter a half-breed Bechuana was employed, as no white man e of evidence substantiating (if not proving) the Darwinian theory of the Pithecanthropic, and such Bushmen as this are the nearest approach to the or has yet been discovered

THE CAMOUFLAGE OF THE HUNTER : Bushmen assume the skin and feathers of an ostrich to enable them to approach sufficiently near their quarry to bring their weapons of poisoned arrows and spears into range

ty Dr. Ernest Cadle, a y scientists and adventurers as the Cameron-Cadle Ex- recently explored the little- Kalahari Desert in Africa, r. Cadle believes is the adle of the human race. arty found a race of Bush- hbiting the edge of the who live in practically a Age state. They have no ents or weapons of iron or ave no social organisation, e in little communities of three families, existing en- hunting. Each man of the s a law unto himself, and has authority over another. This primitive people contests with vultures for the remains of the game killed by lions. Dr. W. J. Cameron, a specialist in the study of teeth, studied the molars of the natives in an effort to get additional records of human evolution. Wandering bands of natives support themselves, especially in the arid dune country on the native melon which grows in patches. Travellers, too, sometimes find this the only water supply. Yet in the rainy season vast tracts are under water, while in the dry season a constant mirage mimics a non-existent lake which recedes as one's caravan advances.

STUDYING THE BUSHMEN'S MOLARS : Dr. W. J. Cameron — who went on the Cadle Expedition with the express purpose of studying the molars of the Bushmen of the Kalahari with a view to learning additional miles of knowledge to amplify the theory of evolution— sits astride a bullrhone brought down in the desert on the borders of Bechuanaland

THE TOP-KNOT STYLE: A girl from the Bahr Swia area

AS IN BOND STREET! A village beauty and her child visits the coiffeuse. She has her hair done in light plaits

BOB AND BANG COMBINED! A style from Central Africa

Hair-dressing is an important art even in the darkest parts of the earth. The farther one penetrates into the heart of Africa the more fantastic, perhaps even more artistic, become the *coiffures*. In the Middle Congo the hair is plaited into little pigtails and then fastened together tightly on the top of the head. Another negro tribe lets the pigtails hang down and coats the top of the head with a heavy red colour as thick as paste which stays on until the rain has washed it off, leaving the artistic colouring desired. In the Belgian Congo one finds the cleverest hair-dressing, the hair being drawn over pads in which one can find fruit seeds and mussels. The art of hair-dressing is practised by both sexes.

Some have hair which is made to stand up straight by the use of thick colour and paste, which is not removed for a year. In order that this hair adornment should not be injured at night while sleeping the natives use a wooden head-rest with a place for the neck to lie, the head hanging outside. These sufferings, voluntarily endured, illustrate the saying—"il faut souffrir pour être belle."

The Last HIDING PLACE of the BUSHMEN

The Adventures of a Doctor in Ovamboland, Described

By LAWRENCE G. GREEN

One day in Windhoek, in the old German "Palace of Ink" on the hill where dwell the new rulers of South-West Africa, I was given a map. It was found in a dusty cupboard, this rough diagram of Ovamboland and the forbidden territory of the Kaokoveld. Adventure stared out of every straggling line marking dry river-bed and water-hole, mountain and native trail. For this map was made by an explorer nine years ago, and the only white man who had ever penetrated the unknown country in the north of the Protectorate from Etosha Pan to the sea. Here is one of the last hiding-places of the Bushmen.

In Cape Town the other day I met a young doctor who had just spent eighteen months in the mysterious country of my map—a country to which very few names have been added since the map was made. He was Dr. J. H. Lots, and his work as medical officer of the territory—which is about the size of Ireland—has brought him close to the far edge of things.

There is only one white trader in Ovamboland; three or four white officials; and here and there a medical mission where warm-hearted people from the cold shores of Finland are fighting the diseases of the tropics. The Kaokoveld is beyond the police zone. No white man lives there at all; and none may enter without a permit from the administrator. It is the home of elephants—so many that, seen against the horizon, they sometimes resemble the moving coaches of a railway train.

Cut off from the northern outposts and railheads by a belt of sand and thirst, the little white colony of Ovamboland lives among 200,000 natives of seven tribes. News of Ovamboland drifts through to the outside world after months, and then is often found only in Government blue-books. A famine in which thousands perished some years ago hardly received a paragraph in the South African newspapers. All sorts of stirring adventure is encountered—yet the book telling of this last unexplored corner of Southern Africa has still to be written.

Dr. Lots had his headquarters at Ondongua, where the native commissioner lives and where all Ovambos bound for the copper mines at Tsumeb are recruited, examined, and given rations for the long journey on foot. Danger stalks constantly beside the little bands of natives plodding across the brown wastes to the mines. In a land where water means life, a water-hole is a sacred place. The bushmen, most primitive of all African races, look upon certain water-holes as their own, and the stranger who drinks there is put to death. The law of the wild still runs in Ovamboland. How many unhappy natives have been butchered along this dry route from Ondongua to Tsumeb for wetting their swollen tongues at these stagnant water-holes will never be known. Officials travelling by motor car have been horrified to find skeletons in the pools.

Police patrols sent out to arrest Bushmen have not one chance in a thousand. The Bushmen fade into the desert that is their home, hiding as surely as the python or the lizard. Once it happened that police on camels stumbled across a band of Bushmen who, at a water-hole, had killed Ovambos with poisoned arrows. The wizened dwarfs were brought before the magistrate at Grootfontein and sentenced to imprisonment. But the wise order was made that if the prisoners showed signs of dying in captivity they were to be released immediately. Bushmen live in the complete freedom of wild animals—to which they are closer than any other human beings—and the contrast of prison life is more than they can bear. They pine away and die.

Bushmen, says Dr. Lots, are losing their fear of the white men. There are still roving bands in the Kaokoveld who have never seen a white face; but many others, still primitive, have learnt to follow hunting parties for the scraps of meat that are left. Meat means more to them than any thing else in life. The man who comes between them and their kill is lucky if he escapes death.

A farmer out hunting on horse-back in a remote district of South West Africa saw a hartebeest fall. He had not fired. When he reached the buck a tiny bushman stepped out from cover, pointed to the hartebeest, then to himself. He had wounded it with a poisoned arrow the day before and followed it ever since. Bushmen run with incredible speed. After two miles at top speed they are still fresh, and it is said that they can cover forty or fifty miles a day.

They are vindictive little creatures. A German farmer who shot several Bushmen near Okahandja before the War is still plagued by them. His cattle are raided, while his neighbours are left in peace.

Bushmen are pure hunters, detesting farm work. Yet so great is their love of tobacco that on one farm where tobacco is grown there are Bushmen labourers. They do not like anyone to shoot lions. When they hear a lion roar at night, booming the triumph of a kill into the darkness, they point an arrow in the direction of the sound and sleep again beside their fires. That arrow is the sign-post to meat. "The lions are our hunting dogs," they will tell you. The lion feeds daintily, leaving much for the hungry human prowler.

Dr. Lots tells of a boring engineer at work near the border of South-West Africa and Portuguese Angola who found a baby Bushman near his camp. The parents, threatened with famine, had abandoned the newly-born boy, and the engineer decided to adopt him. He fed the baby on condensed milk and watched it thrive. Dr. Lots was anxious to take charge of the experiment but the engineer would not part with his strange pet.

Will the Bushman child lose the instincts of his race in civilization? He is three years old now, and Dr. Lots believes that in a few years he will vanish one day. He will wander out into the desert, guided by some uncanny sense of direction, and so return to his own people somewhere in the unexplored heart of that strange country—to one of the spaces on the explorer's map yet left even in these days blank.

CIVILIZED BUSHMEN: A family in their hut. The wild Bushman lives always in the open air. The primitive race is losing its fear of the white man

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Stars Shining in a Feminine Sky

IMPERIAL : Mlle Sari Fedak, the celebrated Hungarian lyric artiste, as the Empress Elisabeth in Traumkoenigin, *a play based on the life of the hapless wife of Franz Josef.* On left — *A WOMAN FILM PRESIDENT : Baroness Olly Kiss von Esseg, president and virtual owner of the new Austrian Ilka Film Company*

Peter North

"FLORA" : Mrs. Lance Pitman, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Lance Pitman, with some of the exquisite flowers in painted metal or painted clay she has made, and is exhibiting at the Claridge Galleries. Above on right *are Count and Countess Stephan Karolyi, a member of the famous Hungarian "family of the Curse." The Countess (formerly Princess of Windisch-Graetz) has Habsburg connections. They are honeymooning in Scotland*

THE MODE OF PARIS : A distinguished creation in lime-green satin taffeta in the modern long-skirted, close-bodiced fashion. The drapery at the back gives a cape effect, and the trimming is of crystal beads

BABBITT WINS *the* NOBEL PRIZE

A Suicidal Nelson and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the American novelist, is now in Sweden where he has been unburdening himself upon the award of the Nobel Prize for literature. It seems to have alarmed him, perhaps because of the general criticism of the award, but I think this is based upon a misunderstanding of the nature of the prize. No one has suggested that Mr. Lewis is a great writer. His style is slipshod, his construction kinematic, one searches his work in vain for any depth of emotion or more than superficial understanding in his creatures, but when all this is admitted there remains a tremendous zest which makes his work rightly characteristic of the American scene. He has created two new words, in current use, which denote an aspect of the American civilization.

We all know what is meant now by an allusion to Main Street; and the name of Babbitt, in two syllables denotes a whole generation produced by the War and its opportunities for a swift rise into blatant success. His age owes Mr. Sinclair Lewis a debt for having so courageously portrayed this character so that it can no longer masquerade under false virtues. If therefore the Nobel Prize is to be awarded to a writer who has had a deep or wide effect upon his readers, surely Mr. Lewis fills that condition? Main Street and Babbitt are household terms throughout two continents.

This is a case where the writer is quite as remarkable as his books. I cannot forget the first occasion on which I encountered Mr. Lewis. It was one June day in a garden in Surrey. A car arrived at my host's gates, and introductions were made without any of guests catching the name of the new arrival. For the next two hours we were all swept away in a spate of conversation, or rather, monologue, poured forth with an accent whose every syllable proclaimed the Middle West. This lanky, sandy-haired, freckled fellow gave us his views upon everything in the universe. He had a point of view and that sustained him. In this age when we are poured out of the moulds of school and university, a rebel mind, or one capable of any kind of originality, commands attention.

When our rebel had gone we all drew a deep breath and looked at one another. It was difficult to remember anything he had said, which suggests that he had not said anything worth remembering, but one thing was clear, there had walked into our lives, through the garden gate, a very definite character which could not be forgotten.

No one I have met is better reflected in his own books than Lewis. He is at once his own Babbitt and Main Street. By another turn of Fate he might have been a popular evangelist, there is the same revival spirit about him, for in contact with his eager mind one's own critical faculty is drugged. There is propaganda in all his work. It happens to be propaganda against humbug, but if he took to religion or politics I am certain there would be the same sweeping enthusiasm. I cannot agree, therefore, that the Nobel Prize judges have made a bad blunder in their choice. Mr. Lewis has influenced the minds of millions. He has taught our American cousins to laugh at themselves, and, what is far more to his credit, he has taught us to laugh at them with an increase of respect for their failings and virtues.

"I am little more than a reporter," Lewis has declared, feeling that a mistake has been made in giving him the prize. But what good reporting it is! And as the Old Testament proves, good reporting is the foundation of literature.

I hope Mr. John Buchan's very admirable speech in the House of Commons on the Local Authorities Press Admission Bill has not been missed by his many readers and the general public. As an ex-editor of a daily newspaper, I am very much aware of and alarmed by the growth of bureaucracy. It has extended now to local authorities who resent any kind of outside criticism of their conduct. The money spent by these bodies is so enormous that the closest watch is necessary on the part of the public, which has to provide these funds. The attempt to exclude the Press from the meetings of local Authorities would result in the elimination of the only restraint that these bodies seem to experience when embarking upon the spending of people's money.

Mr. Buchan's speech was so admirable that one feels a little consoled by it for the loss that literature may sustain in his public career. I wonder how long Mr. Buchan will manage to pursue with such success several careers? He gives us at least one novel each year, he is the head of one of the greatest of our news agencies, a director of several companies, a member of Parliament, and at all times a host who keeps open house near Oxford, where the younger generation finds the warmest welcome. No man can sustain for long such a gigantic outpouring of energy and, in the ultimate tug-of-war between literature and politics, I wonder which will win.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has now issued *The Apple Cart* (Constable. 5s. net), and, as usual, there is a highly contentious preface. The world has regarded this play as Mr. Shaw's conversion to monarchy and his rejection of democracy. That is certainly the effect of the play on everyone who sees his brilliant study of the King who found democracy his best weapon. A reading of the play produces the same effect, it is pitilessly destructive to democracy, and yet Mr. Shaw is at the greatest pains in his preface to declare that he has not suffered a conversion. I have no doubt that, had Mr. Bernard Shaw accepted the knighthood that was offered to him, as Sir Bernard he could have written a play in which it became perfectly logical for a downright Socialist, embarrassed by the payment of supertax, to enter the elephantiasical new volume of Debrett. He is in a minority of one, I surmise, in his enjoyment of super-tax.

"Take my own case. I am not a young man with great possessions; but I am an old man paying enough in income tax and surtax to provide doles for some hundreds of unemployed and old age pensioners. I have not the smallest objection to this; on the contrary I advocated it strongly for years before I had any income worth taxing,"

One's enjoyment of Mr. Shaw's genius is tempered by a distrust of his facts. The mental harlequinade with which he entertains the world often reveals a sleight of mind that produces many a rabbit. In reference to the famous speech of Lincoln's at Gettysburg, defining the purpose of democratic government, Mr. Shaw tells us Lincoln did not really declaim it on the field of Gettysburg, and that "he is represented as standing amid the carnage of the battlefield of Gettysburg." I have never read of, or heard of, any such representation. Lincoln made his famous speech at the dedication ceremony of a National Cemetery upon the field of Gettysburg on November 19, 1863. If he did not make that speech on the field of Gettysburg then the guide who took me over the battlefield last year, who showed me the place where Lincoln made his speech, was lying, as also was the memorial inscription. And many historians must also be in error, including Lord Charnwood in his accepted life of Lincoln. What authority has Mr. Shaw for his declaration?

Despite the author's avowals, and his lively provocative preface, I am still of the opinion—in common with many thousands—that in *The Apple Cart*, the author has held up democracy to pitiless ridicule, a ridicule which exhibits Mr. Shaw, in old age, as agile in wit and mental dexterity as in the most iconoclastic heyday of his youth.

Mr. Shaw's picturesque figure always calls to my mind that of another partner in Socialism in Our Times—Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Just as Mr. Shaw has made Socialism witty, Mr. Graham has made it picturesque. Seated on a horse he is the loveliest apparition I have ever seen, but even his entrance into a drawing-room is a good reason for suspending conversation. "Don Roberto" is one's idea of a well-groomed man. His prose is just as meticulous; there is not a word out of place.

His latest volume finds him in his most happy mood. All his life he has loved horses, and here, in *The Horses of the Conquest* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), he dips into the part played by horses in the Spaniards' conquest of the New World of the Americas. Here is the great retreat of Cortez seen from a new angle, and, while the author is concerned primarily with the horses, he has a keen eye for the scene of the march.

"Herons and cranes stood fishing by the brink of the stagnant pools. Toucans flitted like kingfishers over the water's edge, their monstrous beaks giving them an air of birds that lived before the flood. The insects' humming was the only sound that broke the stillness of the primeval woods. Over all hung a thin white mist that shrouded everything, altering the values, and making everything appear unreal. All must have seemed terrific to the eyes of the men from the oak glades of Estremadura, or the arid uplands of Castille."

In this fascinating book Mr. Graham has combined his great knowledge of the nature of the horse with a fascinating picture of the age of the Conquistadores.

The latest among the biographies which seek to shatter all our most cherished illusions about great national figures, is *Horatio Nelson*, by George Edinger and E. J. C. Neep (Cape. 10s. 6d.). Briefly the authors' contention is that Nelson deliberately planned his suicide at Trafalgar, wearied with the criticism of his *amours*. The authors certainly make out a good case. Nelson deliberately exposed himself during the battle, and, as if to ensure that he should be seen, he paraded with all his decorations. But I do not see how this fact can ever be based on more than conjecture, and the great objection to the authors' thesis is that, surely, Nelson would have taken infallible steps to assure the future of Lady Hamilton had he been certain of a fatal end in that engagement.

What I find far more interesting is the amazing picture of life aboard our old men of war. The filth, disease, prostitution, the looseness of command, the corruption, and the astonishing manner in which recruits on the lower and the upper decks were obtained, together with the portrait of this neurotic youth from a country rectory, combine to create a picture very different from that of the historical story-books of one's youth.

The authors are in error when they speak of the "Green copper roofs of Castle Kronborg where Hamlet had watched and mused." I have walked the fortifications of that castle, looking on the Sound. It serves splendidly as the setting for Hamlet, but, unhappily, one's poetic imagination, assisted by Shakespeare's, is completely shattered by the fact that Hamlet lived some six hundred years before the building of the Kronborg! The castle has, indeed, no more to do with Shakespeare's Hamlet than has the rivulet at neighbouring Marienlyst with the death of Ophelia. The stream is shown to tourists because they proved so insistent, and a mound was erected in the grounds, also, in order that their desire to see Hamlet's grave could be satisfied.

It is a pity that the authors have opened this fascinating study of Nelson and his times with such a pompous disparagement of the memorial in Trafalgar Square. And by no flight of the imagination can the four lions at the base of the column be called "stuffed," or their bodies referred to as "carcases." This opening is prejudicial to the body of the book, which is well documented and shows a considerable study of the age. It presents also a frank and deeply interesting picture of the men, women, and morals of the England which Nelson made so glorious. Britannia appears to have ruled the waves with the slackest of tillers, and a feminine intervention which only the beneficent gods could have prevented from being wholly disastrous to national interests.

Books to buy

The House of the Temple, by *Frederick W. Ryan*, pubished by Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd., at 25s.—Mr. Frederick W. Ryan, the well-known figure in the literary life of Dublin, has written an excellent account of one of the most famous buildings of old Paris. In **The House of the Temple** he tells the story of the famous round church of the Knights of Malta which was to become in its later days famous as the prison of Louis XVI and and his family. It is a fascinating narrative which Mr. Ryan puts before us, and the various stages of the history of the *enclos du Temple* is further aided by a series of intriguing reconstructions of this gorgeous pile of medieval buildings. A thrilling chapter tells of the escape of a Knight of Malta from the clutches of a revolutionary tribunal. It was the the Chevalier J. A. Bertrand de Moleville whose trial had such an unexpected and happy ending. It is told in his own words. When before the tribunal he mentioned he was a "Malthais." "Malthais, Malthais, what does that mean, What is a Malthais?" exclaimed a hundred voices at once. It is difficult to realize that in 1853 the whole of these buildings were destroyed, and that nowadays the tourist can merely visit the Square du Temple. The rest of the volume is concerned with Malta during the French Revolution. The author's intimate connection with the island has rendered him specially well equipped for this task, and the result is a most readable volume from cover to cover.

The Labyrinth and other Poems, by *James W. Mills* (Williams and Norgate, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).—One may quite freely agree with Mr. Patrick Braybrooke who, in his introduction to this beautifully printed little volume, maintains that Mr. Mills has attempted to give us a combination of philosophic verse and musical poetry, and that undoubtedly he has achieved his end admirably. Let us quote one little example:

I jumped from the groove
To fall into the gutter.
'Twas a heartrending move
I jumped from the groove
With a view to improve
On the day's bread and butter
I jumped from the groove
To fall into the gutter.

The volume is admirably embellished with woodcuts by Raymond McGrath, whose cut of The Labyrinth recalls his excellent wrapper for Professor Jeans's *Universe*. Another delightful cut illustrates "On the Acropolis." To this the following artist's note is attached: "Behind the broken statue of the goddess, Athena, the shadowy diagram is 'The Golden Cut,' by which it is supposed that the Greeks arrived at the proportions of the Parthenon." The volume may be safely recommended to the lovers of finely-produced books.

P. H.

The Latest CHANGES in ROME

THEN AND NOW: Above is the Temple of Fortuna Virile, Rome, with S. Maria in Cosmedin, one of the most beautiful of Roman churches. The crypt is set in the foundations of a Temple of Hercules. The marble pavement and the Campanile are of the 12th century. Below is the same site as it appears to-day with a small garden leading to the church

ANCIENT ROME REVEALED: During the excavations entailed by the demolition of the old houses which were pulled down to make way for a large road joining the Zone of the Fora to the Colosseum, the frontage of the Temple of Nerva, quite near the Forum of Augustus, with a fine cornice and frieze, was brought to light

OLD STONE AND NEW: One of the recent restorations of Ancient Rome. Signor Mussolini is extremely interested in bringing about a renaissance of the Ancient Roman spirit by enabling the people to contemplate the stupendous achievements of their forbears. To this end an enormous amount of reconstruction has been carried out, of which this is a very typical example. The blending of the old stone with the new is a work of the greatest difficulty and delicacy. The top picture and that on the left in the centre show another great alteration in Rome. The wall surrounding the Church of S. Maria in Cosmedin—one of the most beautiful and historic of Roman ecclesiastical buildings—has been removed, and a garden laid out round it. The new building seen on the left of the lower picture is the new Museum of Rome

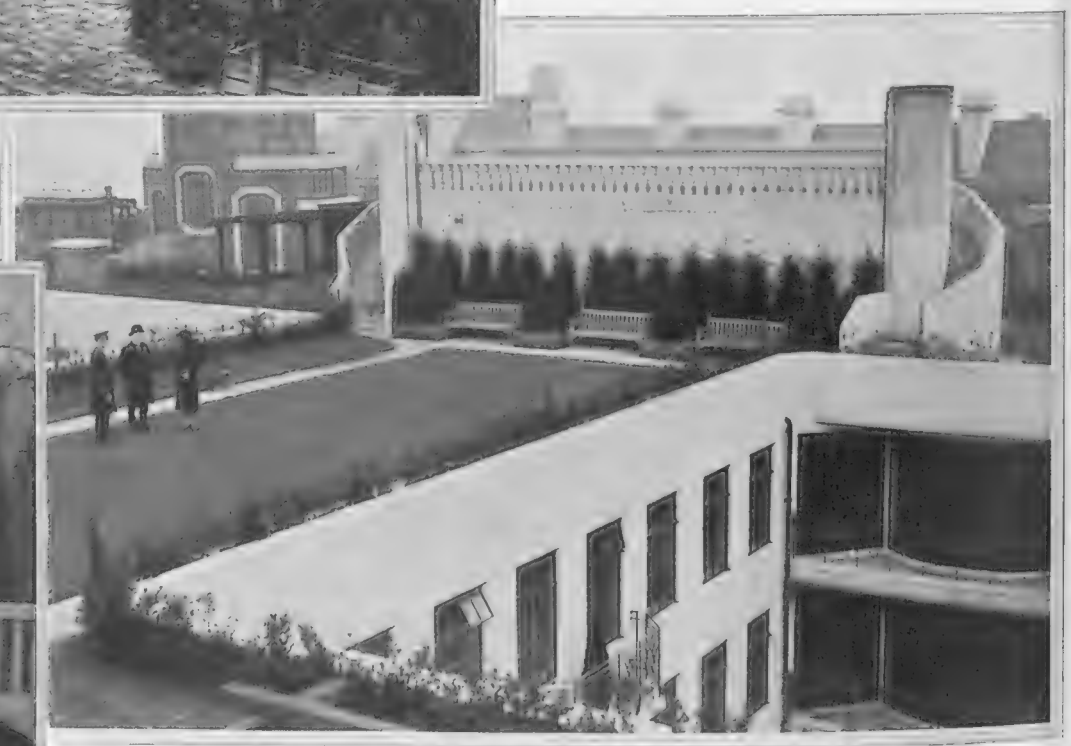
MATTERS METRO-POLITAN

Relics of Dickens to Vanish: Art Treasures hung in a Cellar: The Berkeley Court Roof Garden

RELICS OF DICKENS: The Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross, where Dickens used to stay, is to be demolished. Immediately above *is the old courtyard into which Dickens used to drive from Gadshill*

ART TREASURES TREATED LIKE WINE: The staff of the National Gallery is too small to permit all the masterpieces to be on view. They are, therefore, hung in the cellar but may be viewed

THE ROOF GARDEN: The newest attraction of London's newest block of flats is the roof garden, an acre in extent, above the top (ninth) floor of Berkeley Court, Baker Street, which commands a fine view of the Metropolis. The servants quarters are self-contained suites with bathrooms



FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: A general view of the roof garden on the top of Berkeley Court, the new nine-storey block of luxury flats in Baker Street

About one third of the treasures of the National Gallery cannot be placed on view because the Trustees have no money to spare. At the moment the Treasury is most unwilling to grant further supplies of money to increase the staff of the great gallery. As a consequence, about five hundred pictures are hanging in the cramped space of the basement of the building where they can and may be seen if desired.

The old Golden Cross Hotel which is doomed to disappear within the next few weeks, was erected about 1832. The front archway disappeared in 1857 at a time when the coaches were disappearing. Dickens has described his arrival at the Golden Cross at 5.15 on a cold morning. Another adjacent building to be demolished is the Duncannon Inn famous for its Dickens' frescoes.

DECEMBER DAYS IN KNOLE PARK: An aspect of the glorious Sackville Estate, near Sevenoaks

WHEN WINTER COMES

By Sea and Land

STORM BROODS OVER THE ROCKY WELSH COAST: A remarkable picture taken just as a storm broke over the Welsh coast at Llanfairfechan. Puffins, the birds indigenous to North Wales and the Western Isles, are seen hastening to their sanctuary on Puffin Island in the Menai Straits, while the calm that precedes a storm lies like a malignant spell over the majestic landscape

Knole Park, near Sevenoaks, possesses one of the most beautiful glades to be found in any park in England. Down it often strolled one of the most noted and expensive dandies of his age—Richard Sackville, 3rd Earl of Dorset, who lived such a curiously modern existence with his wife, Lady Anne Clifford, coming and going a-visiting as it pleased my lord. Lady Anne has left a fascinating diary of her life at Knole. It was a fine house then and it remains to-day, with its many Jacobean rooms and its splendid furniture, one of the most notable of the baronial mansions of England.

SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

BY HENRY SHEREK

When a show has been a success in nearly every country, it is often a failure in London. This is usually due to one or both of two things. Firstly, to bad adaptation owing to the writer to whom the task is entrusted not being sufficiently conversant with the original language. In this case, he has to rely on a translation which is usually unreliable as words mostly change their meaning when they become synonyms. The other reason is bad casting, because the producer does not visualize the characters correctly, not being able to understand exactly what the play is all about. There are, of course, many foreign plays produced in London which are not suitable to English tastes, such as *Topaze*, *Monsieur Brotonneau*, etc., however clever the adaptations and casting.

In the case of *Wonder Bar* now at the Savoy Theatre, Mr. André Charlot has carefully avoided these pitfalls by importing the German producer, Mr. Julius B. Salter. As Mr. Salter speaks very good English he was most helpful to the adapter, Mr. Rowland Leigh, and as far as the actual production is concerned, did his difficult work very well indeed.

On the Continent, at the many towns in which this novel operette is playing (Vienna, Budapest, Prague, Berlin, and Paris), the action of the play takes place on a cabaret floor with the audience sitting around it.

I foresaw difficulties if this plan were to be adhered to in London, as the temptation for some of the more festive members of the audience to demand drinks and join in the general "whoopee" being made on the dancing floor, which in this case acts as a stage, would have been overpowering with disastrous effects on the tempers of the actors and actresses. The other drawback to this form of presentation is that at all times the artistes must turn their backs on some part of the audience.

It is, however, essential to conjure up the atmosphere of a night-club, and Mr. Charlot has been most successful in doing so by building his cabaret so that it protrudes very little farther forward than the stage did before the innovation. This also enables the people in the dress and upper circle to get a good view of all the wild happenings, which is, of course, of vital importance to the box-office, which is after all the *raison d'être* of every theatrical venture.

As the set is built of exactly the same material as the rest of the interior of the theatre (they were even lucky enough to find some carpet of the same bizarre design as that covering the floor of the auditorium), it looks as if the Savoy Theatre was specially built to house *Wonder Bar*.

On entering the theatre, the audience's ears were filled with the sound of jazz music, and when they entered the actual theatre they were amazed to see a scene similar to a gala night at the Kit-Cat taking place.

The plot of the play is unfolded whilst the usual merriment, which the more innocent of us associate with a cabaret establishment, takes place, and of course suffers because of the interruptions of cabaret turns, however good they may be. In this case, Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar with new and very funny songs and Giovanni—both excellent.

Carl Brisson, who gets a lot of sympathy out of the unsympathetic rôle of a *gigolo*, steals an emerald necklace from a beautiful visitor (Dorothy Dickson) to the night-club at which he is appearing in a dancing act with a female partner (Elsie Randolph), who adores him.

He sells the jewels to the proprietor of the café (Joseph Greenwald), and with the proceeds buys a car and runs away with the woman from whom he has stolen the necklace, with the aid of a passport made out for himself and his wife (how he overcame the difficulty of his supposed wife's photograph not being on the passport is not explained).

This completes the first act which, what with the novelty of the setting and the speed at which one thing follows the other, is very good. The second act takes place at the same establishment one year later, and as the novelty of the way the play is presented has worn off, suffers by comparison. For this reason the second act should be very much stronger than the first, which unfortunately it is not.

The woman has now become the gigolo's dancing-partner, and his former partner, having become the *chère amie* of a rich man, enters as an honoured guest smothered in jewellery, thus reversing the roles of the two women.

As it appears to be the custom in Vienna for ladies performing in cabarets to eat, drink, and be merry (in fact, *very* merry) with gentlemen visitors (whom the proprietor who acted as master of ceremonies would insist on describing as clients) the woman is not a big success when carrying out these duties, and is happy to fall into the arms of her husband who, very magnanimously I thought, asks her to return to him. This leaves the gigolo unabashed and fancy-free, but not for long, as he immediately confers his favours on a French *demi-mondaine* (Enid Stamp-Taylor, looking prettier than ever).

The music is the best part of the show, and is composed by Robert Katscher, who was responsible for "When Day is Done," so popular a few years ago.

At least three of the numbers should become hits, namely "Tell Me I'm Forgiven," the best tango tune I have heard, "I'll Believe in Love," an excellent waltz, and "Elizabeth," a rousing one-step.

Carl Brisson was better than I have ever seen him as he has acquired more repose, and Dorothy Dickson, who wore many beautiful frocks and looked charming, has developed into a singer with a big voice.

Gwen Farrar, besides appearing in her well-known and deservedly popular act, acted the first part she has ever played extremely well, and Elsie Randolph is as good as she always is, which is very high praise indeed.

Any move to get out of the rut should be encouraged, especially in the theatre, and I can promise visitors to the Savoy Theatre a most interesting evening.

Leon M. Lion is one of the most experienced of theatrical managers, but I am afraid that he has made a mistake in presenting *A Marriage Has Been Dis-arranged* at the Royalty Theatre.

The play only misses being a good one by a very small margin in spite of an excellent cast, who did all they could to make it a success.

The story is good, but the main fault of the play is its dull dialogue. Situations which look as if they will be interesting become boring.

It concerns a family of refugees from the Russian Revolution of 1917, who are able to escape from the clutches of the Soviet by means of the money which one of its members procures in Paris from a man whom the family think she has married.

However, they are not married, and had been living a life of shame together for five years because the man's wife was still living and refused to give her husband a divorce. During this time the entire family had been living an indolent existence in a beautiful villa on the shores of the Bosphorus at its kindly benefactor's expense.

On the wife's death the man goes back on his word and refuses to marry the woman, and she, very rightly, decides to leave him. This causes the family acute distress, which is accentuated when they learn that she was never married, and she is ordered out of the house by her mother, who appears very mortified at her daughter's disregard of the conventions.

After a few days' reflection the family decide that *pecunia non olet*, and because of the ruin staring them in the face, tell the woman that living with a man not her husband is what every nice girl should do, and suggest that she return on the old terms.

The man has also re-considered the matter, and offers her marriage for the romantic reason that it might injure him in his business if his domestic life was a trifle irregular. Company directors in Turkey seem to be much more proper persons than in England, which I very much doubt.

She refuses this proposal and sinks into the arms of a nice and very British young man, always to be found hanging about in plays the action of which takes place in the East.

Why the story should be unfolded in Turkey I do not know. It would have been quite as effective in Golders Green, as no attempt was made to instil oriental atmosphere.

As the woman, Mary Newcomb, was more attractive than ever and got every ounce there was to get out of her part, I thought she had fewer mannerisms than in other plays in which I had seen her, but I never minded these very much as they were attractive. A certain gaucherie in her movements is charming, and her enunciation most clear and easy to understand, which is the greatest asset an actress can possess.

Lady Tree played the part of her mother very well indeed, and that fine actor, Marcus Barron, waved his finely-shaped hands, which resemble those depicted in pictures by Holbein, with great effect.

The reception was cordial, but seemed more a tribute to Miss Newcomb than to the play, judging by the way it was trebled when she bowed her acknowledgments alone.

GHOSTS: The sailor, the husband, and the lover—Messrs. Denys Blakelock, Frederic Leister, and George Barraud—in The Queen Bee, *the continental play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre*

STARS IN "WONDER BAR": Mr. Carl Brisson as Harry and Miss Gwen Farrar as Josephine in the novel entertainment set in a night club depicted in both stage and auditorium of the Savoy Theatre

Yet another revue has taken up residence at the Victoria Palace with all the signs of a successful run. This time it is Archibald de Bear's *Chelsea Follies* and is a careful blending of Nervo and Knox's incomparable buffoonery and the type of show Mr. de Bear usually presents.

It is very local, nearly all the incidents having to do with the district from which the revue's title is derived.

The most artistic of the scenes is the one depicting the Chelsea Bunne Shoppe at the time of the Merry Monarch, with Nell Gwynne (attractively portrayed by Maisie Darrell) bequeathing the ground on which the present hospital is built.

The show is lucky in having an ideal *compère* (a most difficult rôle to cast perfectly) in Naughton Wayne and, as a sort of surprise item at the end, Lillebil Ibsen, a Norwegian artiste whom I have admired for some time on her periodical visits to London to play in variety and cabaret, made a big success in her well-thought-out parodies of singers and dancers of different nationalities.

A word of praise is due to Clifford Pember for his attractive scenery and to J. W. Jackson for having put on the dances, which were all performed at a very fast *tempo*.

Of Nervo and Knox I can only say that although I have seen them many hundreds of times they still always make me laugh uproariously. Their new sketch showing them in a slow-motion talking picture was particularly good and original.

Altogether a fast and bright entertainment.

Ilse Bois, current at the Coliseum, is an attractive brunette with a fine personality. She burlesques various types of music-hall artistes, her best being that of a trapeze acrobat when she actually performs a difficult feat.

At the moment she is inclined to speak her lines too quickly, which, because of her foreign accent, makes them rather unintelligible, but when she has rectified this small error she should become a great favourite in London.

The WORLD *of* ENTERTAINMENT

The New Adelphi Theatre: "Vienna Nights," the Première at the Leicester Square Cinema: A Clown at Olympia

A VIENNESE KNIGHT IN "VIENNESE NIGHTS:" Mr. Walter Pidgeon and Miss Vivienne Segal in the Technicolour talking and singing Warner Brothers and Vitaphone picture which has been selected as the first venture to be shown at the new Leicester Square Cinema which was opened last evening (Friday). On right are Mr. Alexander Gray and Miss Alice Day in one of the modern scenes of the picture

VIENNA OF YESTERDAY: Sausages and pretzel in *Vienna Nights*; a scene showing Miss Segal, Mr. Gray and Mr. Bert Roach

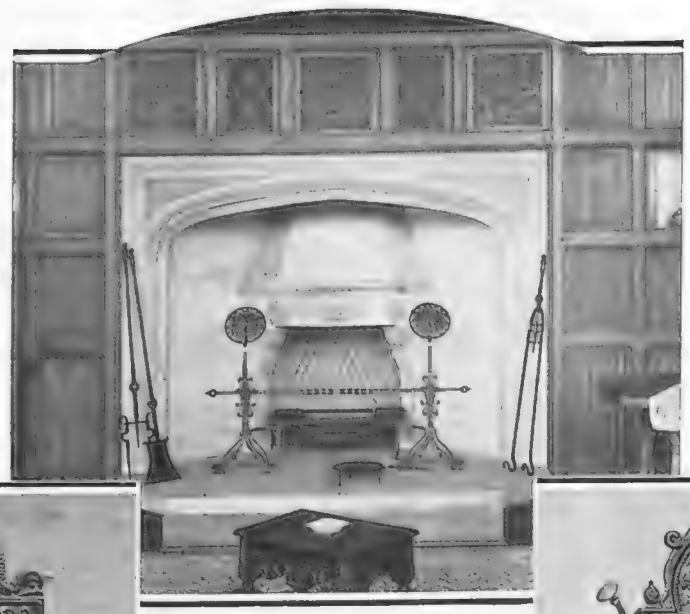
THE FOYER OF THE NEW ADELPHI: This strikingly reconstructed theatre is the work of Mr. Ernest Schauftelberg. The old roomy lounges and lobbies remain, but transformed under the modern decorists' hand. Proportion has been the be-all and end-all of the architect's aim. Black marble, deep rose doors, Lalique fountain lights and sun-ray lighting (which give warmth as well as illumination) combine with jewelled ceiling lights to give an effect definitely modernist

"COCO": One of the clowns appearing at the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. Inset above is a section of the New Adelphi Theatre showing the extremely modernist ceiling decoration, the straight beam lines of the loges, and the angles in the "circle"

The WORLD of WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

FASHIONS *in* FIRE-BACKS Old *and* New



The Tudor atmosphere is admirably caught in this raised hearth and open stone fire-place which literally may be called "the red heart of the home." The andirons, and the long fire-irons standing at either side maintain the illusion of the Period. By Liberty.

The quaint old fire-back is one of the many things which seems to hold their own for all time, and its origin is interesting and primitive. During the fifteenth century most of the cast-iron fire-backs were made in Sussex, the designs being of the simplest.

Some of the earliest specimens had merely a piece of ordinary rope pressed into the mould to form the design; afterwards, swords were used for the same purpose, they were products of nature, and had no foreign influence. It was true folk-art created and developed by common people. Those belonging to the earlier type are rectangular in shape, the width being greater than the height.

A delightful reproduction of an old seventeenth-century fire-back of simple design. Bratt Colbran & Co.

Fire-irons and fire-backs were, for the most part, plain and solid until the end of the sixteenth century, when they shared the universal outburst of ornamentation which overspread objects of common everyday use, as employed by the rich at that time. As time went on they were decorated with fruit and flowers as well as figures, and the originals, held in high esteem by collectors, are those bearing crests and coats-of-arms of Kent and Sussex families, a great favourite being the Royal arms at one time.

Those of early days, made simply from a pattern carved in wood and pressed downwards into the sand floor of the foundry (the design often being upside down through ignorance or carelessness), are most interesting, many of them being reproduced to-day in a similar pattern.

There are also strange legends attached to some of the really old fire-backs; one particular design is supposed to carry a device to expel the devil from the flue, and was very popular with housewives of olden days, but it is doubtful if it would find so much favour these days excepting as a curiosity.

The down-fire, though, is always a favourite both in new and old houses, and in modern renderings of Tudor homes one always sees the open hearth, with herring-bone brickwork, and usually the fire-back and dogs complete. At first, the old fire-backs were called *bretagnes* or *contre-feux*, and these large recessed fire-places, with their cosy chimney corner, formed a very picturesque feature of the home, and still do so in modern reproductions.

Some of the copies of these old fire-irons and fitments for open fire-places are so perfectly modelled and reproduced that it is difficult to tell them from the genuine antiques.

Genuine specimen of Seventeenth Century. A shield surmounted by a helmet with crest. Sussex. Victoria and Albert Museum

A quaint example of fire-back with the lion, fleur-de-lys, thistle and rose, dated 1649. From Hertfordshire. Victoria and Albert Museum

A reproduction of a great favourite fire-back of the seventeenth-century. By Bratt Colbran & Co.

The real old-world atmosphere is possible in quite a modern house, modelled on the Tudor style, and with all our new inventions, nothing is more easily kept clean than the open hearth of the Tudor period.

The choice of design on the fire-back depends on the style of room; it is possible to have them of Dutch, Flemish, French, or English fashion. Those highly decorative are not generally thought so picturesque as those of simple pattern. Some of the dogs are veritable triumphs of the skill of the metal-workers—there are some French fire-dogs weighing as much as one hundred pounds.

Our ancestors obviously realized the beauty of copper, iron, and brass, hence the handing-down of well-worn fitments for the walls and fire-places—and it is mostly on the walls one finds the polished brass or copper warming-pans to-day, though in some old-fashioned country homes, even to-day, in the winter, the warming-pan is brought into use, and warms the bed from head to foot in a way not produced by the use of hot-water bottles. It is a quaint and homely "ritual" one might almost say.

Where modern homes are fashioned on Tudor lines, it adds to the attraction if they are complete in every detail of that period, and walls should be hung with simple brass fitments. A copy of an old fire-back should be there, and fire-dogs and fire-irons—if the atmosphere is to be complete. Even in these days of wonderfully arranged fire-places to avoid labour, most of us, if we only dare admit it, really prefer the genuine fire—especially the down fire, with all its accessories to add to its old-fashioned charm.

The small objects as used in bygone days are not only ornamental, but they are decidedly useful, and last a lifetime—and longer. The oldest fire-backs may be copied faithfully if required; genuine specimens, as illustrated, can be found in the museums. In the modern rendering of a Tudor room, one can see the real beauty of linen-fold panelling, and an open hearth, showing the herring-bone brick-work at the back, with fire-dogs of hand-wrought iron, and the correct Tudor stone fire-place. There is an iron log cradle, and the whole of the fire implements are finely wrought.

It is quite customary these days to see perfectly new houses based on the Tudor period, and find that the whole of the panelling and interior wood work is of genuine old oak. In this case, the owners wisely furnish throughout in oak.

V. K.

A *Chic* HAT *for* all WEATHERS

The chic felt hat has for long been indispensable to the well-dressed woman. It is a practical acquisition, for not only can it be worn with one's country outfit, but it will also combine with one's sports clothes, and wet weather ensemble. The hat shown in the picture on the left is carried out in felt in a deep shade of almond green, but the same model can be also obtained in various colours. The crown and brim are decorated with lines of stitching. From Henry Heath.

ANDRÉ LURCAT

Builds for his Brother a VERY MODERN HOUSE *in* PARIS

Described by

DEREK PATMORE

André Lurcat has used his brother's brilliant original tapestries to great effect in this dining-room, and they form an attractive decoration on its otherwise plain walls. The dining-table is of polished rosewood

Space is saved in this house by building the staircase to the studio from the room below, and the corner thus formed is filled with a low divan bed

Inside, the rooms are furnished in the best modern manner in that they combine simplicity with striking contrasts of colour and utility. This corner of the bedroom has been built in very cleverly with drawers and cupboards made of polished sycamore, and the divan is covered with a fur rug. Soft-toned rugs and a Venetian glass chandelier complete this elegant yet simple scheme

This modern house which André Lurcat, the architect, has built for his brother on the outskirts of Paris is an excellent example of the new architecture. Ample space has been devoted to the windows, and the large studio room at the top of the house gives on to a large terrace garden planted with flowers. The walls, which are made of concrete, are whitewashed, and please for reason of their dignified simplicity. Note how cleverly the windows have been made the chief decorative feature of the house

The studio is a large, severely furnished room, and the walls and ceiling have been covered in a soft buff material which forms an effective background for the vivid and striking paintings of the artist. A low niche in one of the walls has been converted into a comfortable couch with cushions, and a raised platform, reached by several wide steps, brings one to the large windows giving on to the terrace on the roof

The SPHERE of TRAVEL

What GERMANY offers in 1931

German Romanticism.—"I want to visit Heidelberg next summer. When is the most romantic time there?"

The question was asked by an English girl in a tourist office. The man addressed pondered a moment, and then replied: "Do you prefer the noisy or the quiet romanticism? In July or August, when the castle ruins are illuminated after sundown and the Neckar and its banks are crowded with merrymakers, romanticism gives a gala performance. But perhaps you would rather walk on a moonlight night in the castle park, when the fireflies light the trees and bushes with myriad points of light. That is what the Germans call the romanticism of a summer night."

In Rothenburg on the Tauber, one of those Frankish cities that have preserved their medieval character down to our days, Whitsuntide in 1931 will bring for the fiftieth time the annual presentation of the *Meistertrunk* (Master Drink), a historical play commemorating the saving of the city 300 years ago. The bright costumes worn by the men and women who present the play have as their setting the ancient framework houses with their peaked gables, the winding streets, and the splashing fountains. The illusion of the Middle Ages is complete here, as well as when one sees similar commemorative plays in the nearby Dinkelsbühl (the "Kinderzeche"), in Nördlingen or in Schwäbisch-Hall. But the unique character of these small German cities manifests itself to the visitor any time of the year. Not the least of the attractions are the fine old inns such as the Riesen in Miltenberg, which can look back on more than three centuries of existence.

Festivals, Music, Theatre.—The four weeks of Wagner festival plays in Bayreuth come [illegible] summer in July and August, but the city is worth visiting at any time. There is a quiet [illegible] this former "residence city" a second Weimar. In the third week of July, when the festival plays begin—including *Parsifal*, *The Ring*, *Tristan*, and *Tannhäuser*—the same programme as in 1930—this Franconian city of 35,000 inhabitants becomes overnight an international art centre to which stream lovers of music from all corners of the earth.

The traditional festival plays in Munich will take place from July 18 to August 25. The operatic programme will be devoted to Wagner and Mozart, but Strauss' *Rosenkavalier* and Pfitzner's *Palestrina* will also be given. An outstanding musical feature of the season will be the revival of Mozart's *Idomeneo*, so rarely heard, which will be presented in the Residenz Theater where it was first given 150 years ago. Munich's dramatic offerings will include several plays by Schiller, with Germany's leading actors, Hebbel's *Nibelungen* (two parts), and a number of Shakespeare's comedies.

Friends of religious art will visit Marburg, the beautiful small university city on the River Lahn, where festival plays will be given in June and July in commemoration of the 700th anniversary of the death of St. Elizabeth, who is buried there. From Marburg there will be pilgrimages to the Wartburg, near Eisenach, where the saint once lived. The German Catholics will come together in August in Nuremberg, where a Catholic congress will be held in connection with an exhibition of ecclesiastical art.

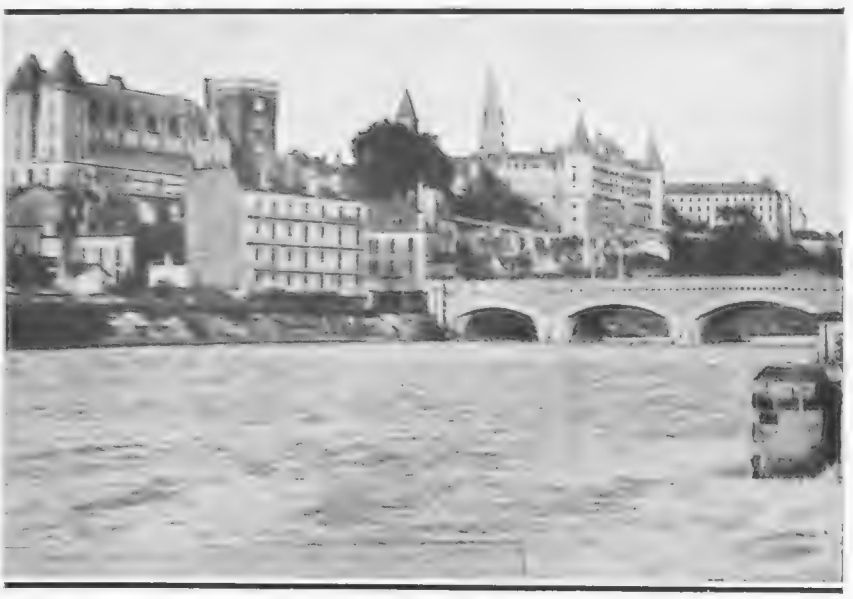
Good music and drama can also be heard in the smaller cities. A Silesian music festival will be held in Görlitz, Silesia, from May 19 to 24, with the celebrated Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting. The small city of Bruchsal in Baden will again present at the end of May historical concerts in costume in its charming rococo palace. A similar charm will be the rococo concerts in the Residenz in Würzburg and the festival plays in the palace garden in Schwetzingen, near Heidelberg, in June, July, and August. Breslau will be the scene of a great *Sängerfest* at the beginning of July.

What the German Spas Offer.—The German spas have taken their place as the homes of good music. Bad Homburg, once the favourite resort of King Edward VII of England, is preparing a Dutch musical festival for May, and an American musical week for July. The International Society for New Music will present new compositions in Bad Pyrmont in the Weser land, the famous moor and ferruginous spa, during its congress on July 5 and 6.

E. M.

(To be continued)

THE TOWN-HALL OF WERNIGERODE: A typical example of traditional German buildings as characteristic of its age as the steel concrete and vitaglass erections are of to-day. The market squares of such towns as Wernigerode are often used as stages for festival performances



PAU AND ITS RIVER: A general view of the wonderful Pyrenean resort and capital of a department set on the Gave

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

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Under the Gleaming PEAKS of the PYRENEES—PAU

Almost unconsciously places we have visited at various times become associated in our minds with certain incidents, with great names of the past perhaps, with a whiff of scent, with one particular view, with one especial moment of the day. When I think of Rome, for instance, my mind flies instantly to the Palatine, to the crumbling golden ruins of the Palace of Septimus Severus and through one of the great arches a view of the distant blue hill of the Aventine, the low, grey Church of Santa Sabina, a white cherry tree in flower! And so, when I think of Pau, I think of that incomparable view of the Pyrenées seen from the Place Royale, I think of the scent of pine trees, of air that is at once exquisitely fresh, radiantly clear, and I think of Henry IV, that gay and gallant gentleman and best-beloved King of France, of whom it has been said that he was "Le seul Roi dont le peuple ait gardé la mémoire." It was in the old Castle of Pau in the year 1553 that Henry IV of France was born.

Situated on the right bank of the Gave de Pau the town has a position of unequalled loveliness and has been celebrated as a health resort and centre of cosmopolitan society for over a century. Protected from winds by the mountains, it has a mild, equable climate and the maximum rainy days during the entire year are said to be only thirty-six.

Outdoor Sport for English Visitors.—The chief attractions for English visitors are the many out-of-door amusements and sports, and principally perhaps the excellent hunting which can be had. The Pau foxhounds, which were started in 1847, are considered the best pack in France, while the golf course, which has been going for seventy-four years, is said to equal that of St. Andrews. There is also a tennis club, a fine race-course, and a first-class football field. Excellent trout fishing can also be had, as well as salmon fishing in the Gave de Pau and at Orthez and Oleron, while those who like winter sports will find that a short train journey will take them to Pont de Beon, Eaux Bonnes, Cauteret, or Baréges, where they will find fine ski-ing slopes.

Besides all these out-of-door pursuits there are many things of interest to be seen in Pau itself, principally the castle, which dates from the tenth century, Gaston Phœbus rebuilding it and adding on the huge red dungeon in the fourteenth century. Flanked by great towers with tiled roofs it stands on a promontory above the river and is well worth a visit.

Delightful Country for Short Motor Tours.—But perhaps the greatest charm of Pau is the beauty of the surrounding country and the many excursions which can be made by train or tram or car. Among the shorter expeditions are drives to Gelos or Bizanos in the mountains, to the woods and valleys of Billere and Lons or to the forests of Pont Long on the way to Bordeaux. Biarritz is only sixty miles away from Pau, and longer trips can be made to St. Jean de Luz, to Arcachon, or even to St. Sebastian. Lourdes, celebrated for the Grotto of the Wonder Working Madonna, is twenty-five to thirty miles away, Toulouse is within easy reach as well as Bayonne or Ortez, the ancient capital of Béarn. Beautiful excursions can also be made through the Valée d'Ossa to Eaux Bonnes on the slopes of the hills or to the watering-place of Eaux Chaudes, celebrated for its health-giving sulphur springs.

Pau is Easily Reached.—The journey to Pau is delightfully easy and cheap, single fares via Boulogne or Calais costing only £6 13s. 5d. 1st class, and £4 13s. 2d. 2nd class, the entire journey taking only twenty-one hours, the train leaving Paris from the Quai d'Orsay and going direct to Pau, excellent sleeping cars and restaurant cars being attached. Via Dieppe the tickets are even cheaper, 1st class costing £5 13s. 9d. and 2nd class £3 13s. 9d., while for those preferring a sea trip it is possible to go by the steamers of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique sailing from Plymouth to Bordeaux once a month, the inclusive fare costing £4 15s. 4d. 1st class and £3 5s. 4d. 2nd class, and the journey taking about two days.

There are many luxurious and up-to-date hotels in Pau and a number of excellent pensions, a list of which may be obtained from the French National Touring Office, 56, Haymarket.

M. B.

Fröhliche Weihnachten!

A Merry Christmas!

Joyeux Noël!

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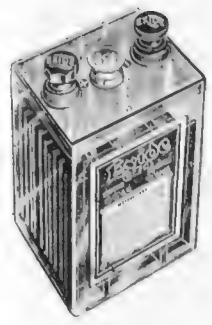

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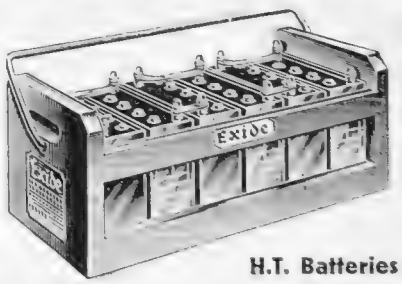

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IN UNKNOWN SANAA

The Remarkable Capital of Yaman "The Garden of Arabia"

By HASSAN M. ANIS PASHA

(Continued from page 557)

"The Empty Quarter," is sufficient to give an idea of the ignorance of its neighbours of everything concerning it.

Geographers call it the Great Red Desert from the colour of the crimson sand they see on its borders which they do not dare cross and which seems to speak of the lives it has swallowed. The great demon of thirst and hunger guards it against the eyes of strangers and the maps show it as a blank patch with no town, valley, hill, watercourse, or well.

Often one wonders whether this land of desolation had been forgotten by the Creator, or whether in ages past it deserved the curse that has separated it from the world and mankind. Wealth and civilization have surrounded it in the past and its desolation and barrenness contrast with Yaman, its western neighbour named at all ages "Arabia Felix" (Happy Arabia). Only a range of barren hills separates it from this land which has seen many civilizations, the best known of which is that of Balkis, Queen of Saba (Sheba).

When once I saw a caravan arriving from the Raml (the sand) as the Great Red Desert or Empty Quarter is known in Yaman, and saw the haggard state of the travellers and their half dead camels, I realized the advantage the aeroplane could give me in exploring that inhospitable land. The camels I saw seemed to have been of the best picked when they started, but the state in which they were on their arrival spoke of the horrors they must have met in their impossible journey.

The travellers themselves, haggard, exhausted, and panic-stricken seemed to come out of a nightmare, and the few words they could utter spoke of their suffering from thirst and hunger encountered before getting to the water-holes several days apart. "Sayed"! (my Lord) said an old white-bearded man with Mongolic features, after kissing both my shoulders and my knees, "It is a land of fear inhabited by genii who live in huge ruined palaces and who come out in the blazing heat of the day. Oh Sayed! I tremble when I think of these supernatural beings walking on the burning sand with their heads so high in the sky that we could not distinguish their features; the roar they made while they were travelling from one side of the desert to the other was deafening, and the sandstorms they left after their passage were blinding." When I tried to explain to him that the heat and thirst must have made him take for genii the sand columns raised by the desert whirlwinds, as could be seen on a smaller scale in some parts of Yaman itself, he smiled at me, and simply said, "You shall see if you ever go there, Sayed! and you shall tell us about it if you ever come back."

I spoke one day to the Imam of my desire to visit this unknown part of his kingdom, but the meeting was not very encouraging, and I gathered from the different conversations I had with him on this subject that he preferred that I should put off such a visit until he got the more or less law abiding tribes living beyond Maareb in his iron hand. He explained to me that the difficulty of communication in that out-of-the-way part of his kingdom made such a journey so very unsafe and that matters of first importance to Yaman proper forced him to concentrate his attention on the internal situation and put off other matters till their final settlement. The most important of these matters, according to him, and I quite agree, is the settlement of the boundary question which has been a thorn in the side of the Yaman as well as in the side of the Aden Protectorate for the last ten years.

Time after time, this question has been discussed. Colonel Jacob, the late Sir Gilbert Clayton, and other delegates have discussed the matter with the Imam's Government. For ten years this question has been hanging on, but unfavourable influences on both sides have put off the final settlement.

It is this question that the Imam puts foremost in his preoccupations, and it is the settlement of this question that will enable me to fulfil my aim of visiting the Empty Quarter.

When this question is settled the Imam will concentrate his efforts to the development of Yaman, this wonderful country which has more than once been the site of marvellous civilization; Arabia Felix, which has known the Minean civilization 3,000 B.C. and which governed the whole peninsula from Sinai to the Gulf of Aden; this country which has known the art of building and agriculture since the time of Kahtan, son of Hood, twenty-two centuries before Jesus Christ; this country which has known the Sabean civilization 2,000 years B.C., during which the famous dam of Maareb was built with the object of irrigating the country, and which has created a Paradise in the middle of the desert, and of which still remain a few huge blocks of stone showing the high engineering craft of the builders who at that time knew how to separate the blocks by lead sheets, which rambling Bedouins melt nowadays to make bullets for their flint guns; this country which has known the Himyarite civilization which repulsed an Egyptian expedition 1,600 years B.C., in the reign of Thotmes II; this country which sent an expedition to Abyssinia and which colonized Somaliland and monopolized the trade of spices, gum, perfumes, as well as the transport of Eastern goods to the West; this country which has known the splendour and grandeur of the reign of Balkis, Queen of Saba (Sheba); this country, I say, might see a revival of its old glorious days.

Everything is there, the soil is rich, agriculture only needs the skill of irrigation engineers, the mines only need the specialists. Salif rock salt mines are a speaking example of what this country can give. The people are quiet, hospitable, and law abiding. The climate is delightful in the hills, and the sloping shape of the country, which begins at sea level on the Red Sea coast and rises to over 7,000 ft. in the Sanaa plateau, renders every kind of crop obtainable in that part of the world. Let us hope that the frontier question will be soon settled.

I am preparing at the moment a flight from Croydon to Cairo, and I hope after getting there to go back with my Puss Moth to Sanaa, whose spell I still feel, and find my friend the Imam quite happy about his southern frontier and therefore ready to give me all necessary help for visiting the Empty Quarter, and I hope to be able on my return to tell you all I shall discover about the genii and their palaces!

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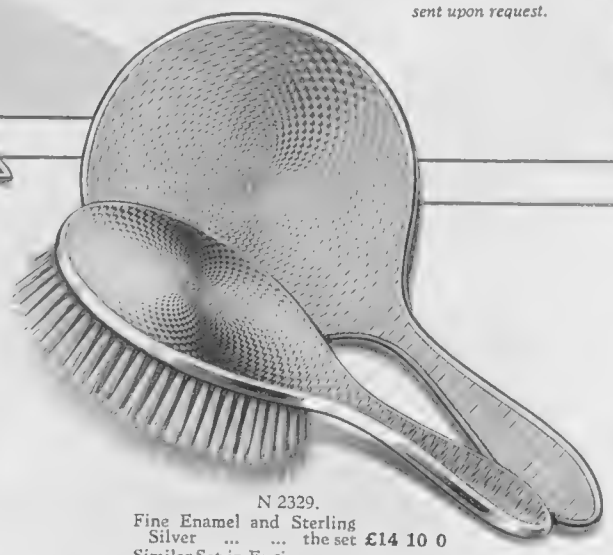

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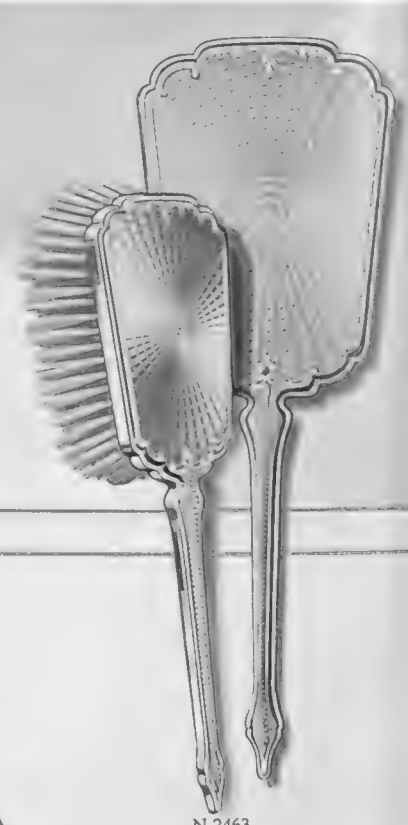

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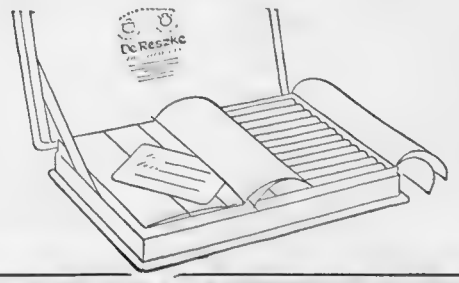

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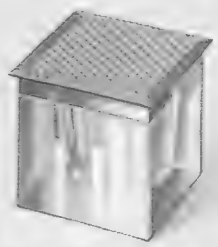

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The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

TRAFFIC ON THE CONTINENT.—I have just returned from a fortnight's holiday in France, Germany, and Holland. Although it was my desire to leave business behind in England, I naturally could not walk about the streets or drive along the roads with my eyes shut, and so, like every other sojourner in strange lands, I made many observations, of which I have endeavoured to retain as many as are of interest. I would like to point out that they are the observations that might be made by any man in the street, and where I saw things that I could not understand, I must confess I made no effort to obtain authoritative information, and so the deductions I make are based solely on conjecture.

A WEDDING IN THE PETROL WORLD: The recent London marriage of Mr. Harold Heath, son of Mr. G. W. Heath, the well-known motor-distributor, and Miss Doris Monk, secretary of Messrs. Rootes, Ltd. The bride and groom are seen above after the ceremony

My first stop was in Paris, which I have not visited for three years. I found the traffic infinitely worse than on my previous visit, and at about six o'clock in the evening it appeared to me quite hopeless in certain streets. On many occasions I went in taxis, and always before I have been petrified with fear as we cannoned off one vehicle on to another, but to-day a taxi-drive in Paris is comparatively speaking a real joy-ride, provided there is no train to catch. The streets are so full of vehicles that the impetuous Paris taxi-driver is compelled to crawl so that the whole sting of his driving has been removed. The taxis I found were all clean and comfortable, and one was able to sit in them in a more natural position than is the case with the taxis on our London streets. The increase in traffic has evidently necessitated a far larger number of *agents* being placed on point duty. In addition there has been an increase in the number of traffic points which are controlled by lights, but from what I could see and hear the Paris policeman is still very inefficient in the regulation of traffic. Sitting outside the Café de la Paix and reading a newspaper, one would imagine that in the streets several football matches were in progress. There is an incessant blowing of whistles, and this is accompanied by a continuous ringing of bells. I have yet to learn why a Parisian agent requires a whistle to blow, a bell to ring, and an electric light to shine before he can stop the stream of traffic even when assisted with a bloodthirsty-looking bâton.

NAILS FOR PEDESTRIANS.—I was interested to observe the efforts which have been made to regulate the crossing of streets by pedestrians. Every now and again there is a passage across the street indicated by lines of huge metal "nails"; the heads of these "nails" are about four inches in diameter, and they are placed about one foot apart. No matter in which part of Paris I journeyed I found that this plan had been adopted, and I should imagine that millions of these "nails" must now decorate the streets of the French capital. The idea is that passengers must cross at these indicated points, and Heaven help a motorist if he runs down a foot-slogger whilst the latter is on his own territory. I do not suppose anything very terrible would happen to the motorist who collects his victims outside the sacred passage-ways. Since my last visit to the gay city an enormous number of what look like illuminated green mushrooms have sprung up in the streets. These obstacles are about four inches in height and about 2 ft. 6 in. diameter and are strongly constructed of concrete, whilst their vertical walls have green glass behind which electric light perpetually shines. These are used to indicate "merry-go-rounds," but unless great care is exercised I should think that the motorist might well hit one of these obstructions which might result in damage to his car, though I doubt whether the mushroom would suffer very much.

GERMAN EFFECTIVENESS.—In Berlin I found traffic organization, if anything, over-efficient. There seemed to be scarcely a cross street that was not controlled by coloured lights hung from overhead wires. The reason I advisedly say over-efficient is that in one or two instances the automatic light controls were quite unnecessary. For instance, in one of the streets crossing the Unter den Linden there is one of these installations with its three coloured lights pointing in four directions. The street joins at right-angles a one-way street so that all traffic going down it must turn to the left. There is no crossing whatever, yet the whole installation of these four sets of coloured lights keeps on working, one set actually shining directly into a private house. The traffic in Berlin is very thin compared with that in Paris or London, and so no necessity has arisen so far as I can see to make any preparation for the crossing of pedestrians.

BLAZING THE TRAIL: Miss Violet Cordery, the famous woman motorist, congratulating Mr. C. E. Shippam, who, together with Mr. J. B. Dixon, successfully completed a world tour in a Riley Nine car

(Continued on p. 578)

Quality is the Best Policy

Perhaps it would be more profitable to-day if Britons could be interested in making less than the best. Yet we cannot change our nature. Only when the best is required do we show our metal. Then Britons have no rival. Inspiration, energy and enthusiasm pour forth abundantly. So it is that many are happy in producing Castrol, and a multitude benefits by their secret pride.

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"PLUS" in everything that makes for better Motoring

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Wider, more durable and lighter Coachwork, combining the latest Weymann principles with the well-known Riley features — improved Radiator with stainless steel shell — larger petrol tank carried at rear — improved Tool Locker under bonnet accessible from either side — grouped lubrication—finger-tip control—improved instrument-board concealed lighting — spring steering wheel — easier jacking — instantly accessible accumulators—front seats with adjustment on "Leveroll" principle — better and more comfortable suspension.

A seven years' consistent endeavour to produce a four-cylinder car with a performance to satisfy the most critical, at an upkeep cost that every motorist can afford, has resulted in a remarkable achievement—the NEW Riley "9"—"the car that is PLUS in everything that makes for better motoring."

To-day, "better motoring" must mean more economical motoring—that is an essential condition of the times—and in the matter of economy, apart from all other considerations, "the car that depreciates least" must have your first consideration.

Note its "PLUS" features here enumerated, then ask us to arrange a demonstration, also for Catalogue and copy of "The Riley Record," a magazine published monthly in the interests of Riley Owners everywhere.

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RILEY (COVENTRY) LTD., COVENTRY.

LONDON: 42, NORTH AUDLEY ST., W. 1

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Continued from preceding page)

The streets of Berlin appear to be made of asphalt and are kept scrupulously clean. In dry weather they are perfect, but I have never experienced worse conditions for skidding than a Berlin street when it is wet. I could not help noticing that nowhere in the German capital did I see any excavations of any kind taking place, and naturally I began to wonder what the observant German must think when he comes to London and sees every second street either in the course of being taken up or being put down. In Germany it appears to be the custom for every taxi-cab to have a black and white vertical striped band around the body. This is really an excellent plan because anyone can pick out a taxi straight away whether he is in front, at the back, or at the side. I also noticed wherever I went in Germany that every vehicle is fitted with direction indicators; almost without exception these take the form of illuminated red arms fitted on either side of the wind-screen supports. Buses, taxis, lorries, and private cars all use them, with the result that every driver knows where the car in front is going to, and I also found them, speaking as a pedestrian, extremely useful and likely to eliminate danger. I asked a high authority on motoring if they were compulsory, but I was told that their fitting was quite voluntary. It therefore surprises me just a little that their use should be so universal, and also that 90 per cent. of the indicators should be of the same design. I feel certain that we have much to learn from the Germans in the way of traffic control and motoring in general. In my notes next week I hope to make some more observations on motoring as I saw it abroad, particularly with reference to the very sad and disappointing part that the British motor trade appears to have taken in the development of motoring on the Continent.

A FUTURE EXHIBIT: A Phantom II Rolls-Royce, which will be on show at the Buenos Aires Exhibition from February 18 to April 2, 1931. The black cellulose Sedanca de Ville body is by Thrupp and Maberly

THE RILEY GOLDEN HIND.—In these trying times—described by some as decadent—it is gratifying to hear of young Britain continuing as it did to blaze new trails across the world. Nowadays, of course, most expeditions are undertaken in cars, and they therefore promote the world's confidence in British production. On this account their value can scarcely be overestimated. The latest additions to the ranks of our young commercial ambassadors are Mr. C. E. Shippam and Mr. J. B. Dixon, who quietly slipped away from the Coventry Works of Riley (Coventry), Limited, on Thursday, April 24, 1930. They left Liverpool on the following day for a tour round the world on their Riley Nine.

The car was equipped with special coachwork mounted on a chassis standard in every way, except for additional petrol tanks and larger road wheels with rear axle gearing to suit. Landing at Quebec, they proceeded via Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, and Salt Lake City to San Francisco. Here they turned north to Vancouver and British Columbia, south again to Los Angeles and San Diego and back once more to San Francisco, whence they shipped for New Zealand via Honolulu and the Fiji Islands. After touring the North Island they embarked at Wellington for Australia. They landed at Sydney and drove to Melbourne and Adelaide, which was the starting-point for the very gruelling trans-continental trip to Perth. They then took a boat for Surabaya, toured Java, and crossed from Batavia to Singapore. The next overland section led them to Penang, whence they shipped for Colombo.

After a few days in Ceylon they decided to travel through India, despite the unrestful state of this unfortunate country. They were much hindered by swollen streams which made fords impossible, but once they reached Madras the remainder of the Indian trip was plain sailing, for they enjoyed a non-stop run of 957 miles to Bombay, unofficially breaking the record for this section. Shipping to Basra, they followed the Tigris valley to Bagdad, whence they branched off for Teheran in Persia. They then returned to Bagdad and joined a convoy—most necessary for safety in that part of the world—across the Syrian Desert to Damascus. The crossing of this desert formed one of the most arduous tasks of the whole trip, for, to use Shippam's words, it consists of nothing but "sand, sand, and bits of dry mud." From Damascus a good road led them to Beirut whence they embarked for Brindisi. After touring Italy, France, Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Belgium, they returned to England, reaching London on December 2.

This world tour has created immense interest in each of the many countries which have been traversed. Appalling surfaces and most arduous conditions have been encountered, and the mileage covered has been enormous—approximately 18,000 miles; yet at the same time the trip has been one of the fastest world's tours on record. In congratulating C. E. Shippam and J. B. Dixon on the success of their endeavour, one must not forget their British-built Riley Nine. This car has carried them over roads and surfaces which would have spelt disaster to an inferior car. It has proved that the British light car is the finest in the world.

"PIPER PLEASE"

At all social functions during the past season a champagne that has more than held its ground in public favour is the well-known brand of Piper-Heidsieck. The individual who can sit down to a bottle of "1919" with his dinner is lucky, indeed. Its place has, however, been filled by the 1921 and 1923 vintages which are now to be obtained at the leading hotels and restaurants throughout the country. There is also the fine non-vintage brand which Messrs. Piper-Heidsieck brought on to the market last year.

THE PERFECT WHISKY IS NOW IN THE PERFECT BOTTLE

★ ★ ★ THREE STAR "SPECIAL RESERVE"

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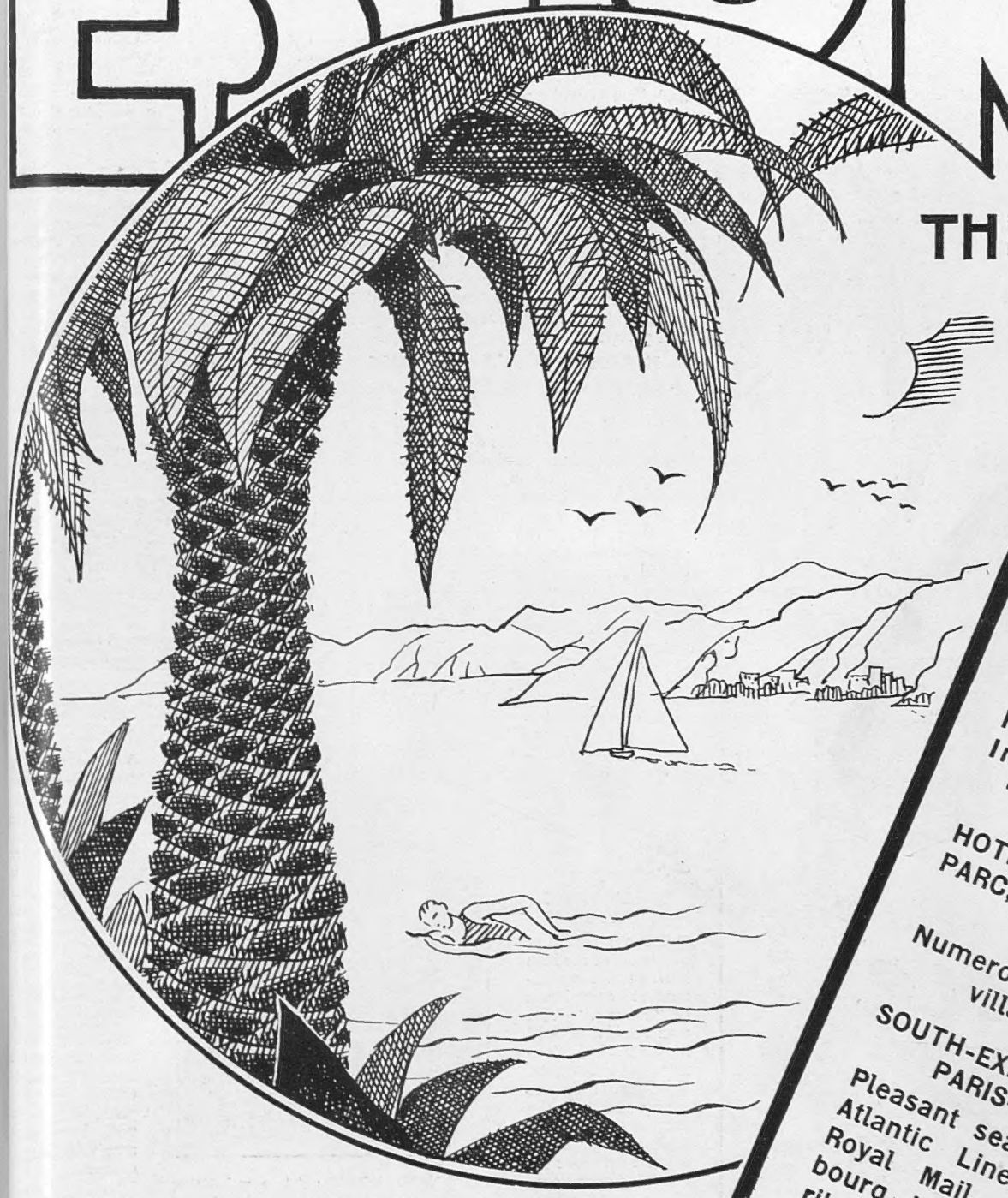

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Thermal Establishment, large swimming pool with heated water, electric treatments, physiotherapy, treatment of rheumatism, lymphatism, malnutrition, gastro-intestinal diseases, cardio-vascular diseases, etc.

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This coat looks fine James—it's that 'Courtine' Lining."

FROM the very first time you have a "Courtine" Lining in your clothes, you will notice a marked improvement in their appearance. The heaviest winter coat almost glides on—all damaging strain and pull is removed. But the greatest benefit is found later on. An ordinary lining would have frayed, grown rough, perhaps rubbed into holes. No such troubles with a "Courtine" Lining—for in colour, texture and general comfort, it is fully guaranteed by the manufacturers—*Courtaulds*—and cleaning does it no harm. Ask your Tailor always to use

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK COURTAULDS COURTINE REGD.

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

The name is on the Selvedge.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK.

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NOTES and NEWS

BUILDING SOCIETY GROWTH AND PROSPERITY

The extent to which the public has placed its trust in building societies is very great. This may be gauged from the fact that the total assets of such institutions in the United Kingdom exceed £312,000,000, that their investors number over 1,250,000, and that literally millions have bought or are buying houses with their aid. The growth of this movement has made necessary the erection of huge offices to cope with the work involved, and one of those recently acquired is National House, 16–18, Moorgate, the new headquarters of the National Building Society. The new building, which is of the most modern City type—strong and substantial—is indicative of the soundness of the society, whose history was referred to at the inauguration of the new offices. The story of its eighty-one-years' growth and its development from a small group led by Richard Cobden, John Bright, Sir Joshua Walmsley, and other famous men of the nineteenth century, is a story of sound purpose and honest direction. To-day the assets of the society, over 12½ millions sterling, and its 130,000 accounts, illustrate how "from a small acorn a mighty oak has sprung." With such a history, coupled with its recent great expansion and its present satisfactory position, the society can look to a future of continued progress and prosperity.

INCONSPICUOUS HEARING

Camouflage was used with success in the War—and now has been extended to assist the afflicted. There is now no longer the need for the deaf "to tell the world" of their limitation. The new Ardente wrist button method, to match jewellery or clothes, enables the deaf to take part in everything that goes to make up a happy life, indoor or outdoor—to become one of one's fellows instead of one apart from them—and what is important, the disability is neutralized and no one (not even oneself) is reminded of useless ears, because inconspicuous hearing—through handbag, umbrella, or brooch, or other gadget of dress—is the latest triumph of science. A test is there for the asking; Mr. R. H. Dent, the young acoustician-inventor is at 309, Oxford Street, London, W.1, and will gladly give simple tests to any interested.

WHAT *ARE* NERVES?

In the stress and strain of modern life one of the commonest complaints is "nerves." You won't find that word in medical dictionaries but it is a good word and serves the purpose of the ordinary man and woman very well to express that run-down, nervy condition so common in this country during the winter. Whatever form "nerve" trouble takes, whether headaches, neurasthenia, insomnia, loss of appetite, depression, or any of the many minor ailments we all know so well, the trouble always starts in a certain "deadness" in the nerve-cells which prevents the proper functioning of some part of the body. The best remedy is a tonic that feeds the tired nerves scientifically with those elements of which our unnatural way of life starves us. One splendid "builder" is Sanatogen, a true tonic food, which is dispensed by the makers of those efficacious remedies, Formamint and Genasprin. Easily digested and health-giving, Sanatogen is constantly prescribed by doctors as a great help in getting busy people through the long winter months without any sort of "nerve" trouble.

NATIONAL HOUSE: The new building in Moorgate established as the new headquarters of the National Building Society

THAT'S FUN—THAT WAS

It does not often fall to the Petrol advertiser to be quoted on the stage—and raise a laugh. But the well-known phrase, "That's Shell—That was," is now doing good "business" in two current West-End shows. Jack Hulbert, whose mighty chin suits the action to the words, is one who speaks these lines in *Follow a Star* at the Winter Garden Theatre, when another character flashes across his line of vision. The other is Gene Gerrard in *Little Tommy Tucker*, at Daly's Theatre. Here the phrase is applied to the dispatch of a cocktail in record time!

"PACKING PREDICAMENTS"

A notable little brochure under this title has just been produced by the enterprising firm of Austin Reed. This has been designed as an aid to men who invariably leave, when going away, something behind them, from tooth-brush to dress-studs. There will be less heart-burning and bad language at wives, valets, servants, slaveys, and selves, if a copy of this invaluable booklet is kept in the suitcase.

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AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all parts of the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

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Toilet and Nursery

It is cooling and it is soothing. Pure and delicately medicated, **Cuticura Talcum** is ideal for every member of the family; for Baby after the bath, for Mother as a finishing touch to her toilet, and for Father after shaving.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.

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IZAL Medicated TOILET ROLLS
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SEASON TICKET
FIRST CLASS
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No 1930
AVAILABLE
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To CHRISTMAS
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